The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1888.

The Week.

We should think that President Cleveland would read the talk of Civil-Service Commissioner Edgerton, as reported in the Baltimore *American*, with more or less remorse. Mr. Edgerton denounces the system which he has been appointed to administer "as a hollow and extravagant fraud." Moreover, he has been talking this way ever since he was appointed, in 1885, without the smallest concealment, and ought to have been summarily removed when it was first heard of. He is a perfect specimen of the "old-fashioned Democrat" from Indiana, except that he is usually neatly dressed and his nose is not red. His ideas about the public service are those of the Jacksonian period; and as he was seventy years old when he was appointed, at the solicitation, we believe, of the late Chief-Justice Waite, there was not the smallest likelihood that he would change them, in the light either of experience or of any other light. From nothing, however, has the President suffered in popular estimation so much as keeping in office, as administrators of the Civil-Service Law, men who hated it and wished to make it inoperative. All the discredit wrought by these worthies has fallen on him in the shape of charges of fraud and hypocrisy. Of course honest men would not retain offices which they were not willing to execute fairly, and the consequence is that the President has had to bear the blame of a parcel of civil-service impostors, like old Mr. Edgerton in Washington, Postmaster Jones in Indianapolis, and Deputy-Collector Davis and Surveyor Beattie in the New York Custom-house, whom he ought to have got rid of promptly, as his worst enemies. Mr. Edgerton, much as he fumed, was cunning enough not to resign, however.

The *Tribune* printed on Saturday morning a column of honest indignation from Mrs. Whitney, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, about the vile slanders circulated during the past six months by Republicans, both lay and clerical, about President Cleveland's married life. They have been disgraceful, not only to the American name, but to human nature. The particular story to which Mrs. Whitney refers—there can be no indiscretion now in saying, as Mr. Depew admits it—was told by Mr. Depew at a dinner-table in this city, as on the authority of Mr. Henry Watterson. It was the confidence with which it was produced on this occasion that led to an appeal to Mr. Watterson for the facts. Mr. Watterson answered at once, showing that the charge was an absolute invention. A copy of this letter was sent to Mr. Depew by a gentleman who was present at the dinner, with an expression of hope that he would, whenever the opportunity offered, contradict the story on Mr. Watterson's authority. This was about two weeks ago. Whether Mr. Depew has ever taken any notice of it we do not know, but we hope he has.

There is abundant material for fresh uneasiness among the Blaine followers to be found in a recent article in the Indianapolis *News*. The editor is a warm personal friend of Gen. Harrison, and even if he does not speak with the latter's knowledge, he would not make so bitter an assault as he does upon Mr. Blaine if he had reason to think that by so doing he would offend the General. When, therefore, he denounces as "insufferable" the assumption of Mr. Blaine's closest political friends, like Mr. Boutelle, that Mr. Blaine would get no more than his deserts if he were given the Secretaryship of State; when he speaks of the reception of Mr. Blaine in this city on his return from Europe as "cut-and-dried," and designed to "carry him through the campaign as the central figure"; when he says that so far as they succeeded in this design they "handicapped" the Republican campaign; when, worse than all this, he says that "Blaine is thoroughly distrusted and feared as a corrupt and unsafe man by one-half the people of the country, and has lost the confidence of the thinking element of his own party"—all this is ominous for the hopes of the Blaine disciples.

A story comes to us on good authority which throws strong light upon the current Republican view of the use of money as a political force. A rich aspirant for a United States Senatorship in a State which shall be nameless, consulted a Republican Congressman as to the advisability of investing $25,000 in a project for starting a newspaper to run against a paper of Mugwump tendencies, with the two-fold hope of driving the latter to the wall and influencing public opinion in favor of the rich man's aspirations. The Congressman had had considerable experience in efforts of that kind, and he advised against the investment of the money in that way. He was convinced, he said, that the influence of the press in politics was greatly overestimated; the chances were that if the $25,000 was paid over, it would not result in the objects desired—the paper would only live till the money was spent, and the giver would in all probability have nothing to show for it when it was gone. A much better way would be to use the money directly in getting the "right kind of men" elected to the Legislature: in that way a statesman was pretty certain to get a quick return on his investment.

Does anybody question the prevalence of this view in the Republican party? Did the Republican press or Republican money exert the more powerful influence in the late campaign? We doubt if ever there was in this country a Presidential campaign in which there was less of sincere argument in a party press than there was in Republican journals between July and November last. The tariff question, which was the leading issue, was scarcely argued at all. There were some clap-trap arguments put forward on the wage question, and many childish appeals to prejudice by pretences of British sympathy with the Democrats; but of serious argument there was scarce any worth mentioning. The documents distributed by the Republican Campaign Committee bore the same character. Certainly there was no appeal to anybody's intelligence discernible in them. Yet the Republicans won, and no intelligent observer of their methods, revealed in many ways since election, can doubt that their view of the relative power of the press and of money coincided closely with that of the Republican Congressman whose advice we have cited. They applied the money directly.

John J. O'Brien and his Eighth Assembly District Republican Association have been expelled from the party fold by a very large vote in the County Committee, and the *Tribune* declares that the "lesson taught is one that will not soon be forgotten." But what is the lesson? What have O'Brien and his associates been punished for? There is nothing in Friday night's proceedings which throws much light on this point. The first charge against O'Brien for misconduct in the last election was made in the evening Republican organ of this city, and was that he had taken from the National Republican Committee a large sum of money to be used in buying votes *en bloc*, and had not kept his agreement. This was subsequently enlarged by a statement by Mr. Nugent, a Republican candidate for Coroner, that O'Brien had collected "assessments," amounting to $30,000, from various local candidates, and had made no return to Republican candidates in votes at the polls. The sub-committee which investigated the matter put the money aspect of the case into their report, charging that O'Brien received $1,700 from the Republican candidate for Congress, and made no satisfactory return in votes. Yet in the report presented to the full County Committee on Friday night, on which O'Brien was expelled, there is no reference to money, but a vague charge that he and his associates did not "loyally support the entire Republican ticket."

Now, the only way in which O'Brien could have "loyally supported" the entire ticket would have been to have bought an equal number of votes for all candidates. It was because he did not do this that he was arraigned by the religious editor of the party; and by H. K. Thurber, who is said by Mr. Nugent to have given him $2,000 to be used in behalf of the Republican Congressional candidate; and by the Better Element of the Union League Club, whose money he has put in his pocket for lo! these many years. If he had used the money which was

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given him for the purpose designed, that is, if he had "loyally supported" the entire ticket, by rolling up a Republican majority for all its candidates, would he have been expelled? How has he "converted" the Eighth Assembly District from a Democratic to a Republican stronghold? Simply by the free use of good Republican money, put in his hands by good Republicans with the distinct understanding that he was to buy votes with it. Not one of his accusers on Friday had a word to say against the methods which he used for so many years. They denounce him for "treachery" in failing to use them in the way they wished him to, but they had no harsh word for the methods themselves.

It will have been noticed by some of our readers that Col. Bliss, in a recent interview, traverses Col. Shepard's statement that $150,000 was put in O'Brien's hands the week before election for the purchase of three "movements" in this city for the Republican party. It is quite clear, however, that, in alleging that "no such sum of money was put in any one's hands for use on election day," Col. Bliss asserts more than he can possibly know. The proof of a negative is proverbially difficult, and we should therefore disregard his denial, even if he were as religious a colonel as Col. Shepard, which we fear he is not, or if he had as much money as Col. Shepard, which we presume he will not maintain that he has. When there is a conflict of veracity between two Colonels, the one who is the most religious and the richest inevitably, other things being equal, obtains most credence.

Defensive eulogies on John Wanamaker continue to reach us in Republican papers, supported by arguments showing that, as a successful business man, he would probably administer the Post-office Department successfully. This shows how difficult it is to get into the Republican editorial mind, in its present condition, the real nature of the objection to Wanamaker as a Cabinet officer. Perhaps he would administer the Post-office Department well; but there are several men in the wholesale clothing and Yankee-notion business in this city and Boston who would administer it just as well, and also be willing to pay a good round sum for the place. It would be worth $100,000 to Rogers, Peet & Co., or Devlin & Co., or Simmons & Co., as an advertisement, to furnish the Government with a Cabinet Minister. What we object to is the sale of a Cabinet office to any man, however able or however successful as a storekeeper, in return for a contribution to campaign funds. No one would have thought of Wanamaker for a Cabinet place if he had not raised money for Quay. To talk of him now for such a place is really to propose the sale of the chief offices, after every election, to the largest donor of money. The thing ought to be stopped in the beginning, and Wanamaker is the beginning. The rule ought to be, not that a man who gives freely should get high office, but that giving freely should, in common decency, disqualify a man for high office. If Wanamaker does not see this, other people must see it for him. The Republican mind at the East is completely perverted on this subject. To it corruption, as we see in this city, consists, not in buying offices, but in getting money for the purpose of buying offices, and using it for other things.

A recent pilgrim to Indianapolis gives it as his opinion that Gen. Harrison has not yet made up his mind about Wanamaker, although, he adds, the President-elect is daily receiving letters from clergymen urging him to summon the Philadelphia clothier to his Cabinet. It is altogether likely that the latter statement is correct. Nor should the fact be set down to the discredit of the clerical letter-writers. Their action and recommendations are not meant either to approve or condemn the kind of political activity displayed by Wanamaker in the late campaign. They look upon him as a sort of acquaintance or even friend. His "Clergymen's Department" has long been an established and profitable part of his business, and the frankly confidential letters sent by him to the "reverend clergy" of the United States, with disinterested advice on the subject of the purchase of clothing, and with "simple directions for self-measurement," have made his name a household word in thousands of parsonages.

Mr. Holman has offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee of the House to investigate the use of money in the Federal elections, including both receipts and expenditures. We are glad to see that the Philadelphia *Press* cordially approves of this, adding the valuable suggestion that it is much better that the Senate should undertake this work than the House, as the House goes out of office in two months, while the Senate is a continuing body. It proposes that Quay, Dudley, and Wanamaker should all be summoned. It thinks that Wanamaker and Dolan will be willing to tell all they know about the money, and as to Quay and Dudley, and insists that if these worthies are examined, Brice, Barnum, and Scott must be examined too. This is all right. Everybody of prominence on both sides who is known to have raised or spent money for electioneering purposes, ought to be summoned. We are very sorry now that Quay and Wanamaker should have burned their vouchers and books of account. In all investigations about money the vouchers and the ledger and day-book are, of course, worth fifty times as much as oral testimony—are so valuable, indeed, that their destruction or concealment raises in law a presumption of fraud.

The debate in the Senate on the duty on structural iron is instructive as showing what a fearful and oppressive tangle the present tariff is. Here is a duty equal to 102.75 per cent. ad valorem, one of the greatest monstrosities in the revenue system of any country in the world. The Senate Committee propose to reduce the duty to 1 1-10 cent per pound, equal to about 90 per cent. ad valorem. Senator Plumb offered an amendment reducing it to one cent per pound. Senator Allison opposed the amendment because the duty on blooms and billets (the raw material of structural iron) is so high that the manufacturers of the latter must be compensated and something left over for them. The duty on blooms and billets rests on the duty on pig-iron, and this in turn rests on the duty on iron ore. So by successive steps we climb from a duty of 41 per cent. on ore up to 102 per cent. on beams and girders, and no part of the stairway can be removed without letting down the whole, which is not to be thought of. Then Mr. Allison and Mr. Aldrich are confident that domestic competition will eventually bring down the price, although it has not had that tendency during the past five years. This means that the plundering of the public on all the steps of the stairway, from iron ore up to beams and girders, should be allowed to continue indefinitely. The fact that there is a "combine" of the manufacturers of structural iron to prevent competition, mentioned by Mr. Plumb, was brushed aside by Mr. Allison, who had received information that new manufactories of iron and steel beams were starting, which, in his opinion, would put the law of competition in force by and by. But no guarantee was offered that the new ones would not join the combination.

The Direct-Tax Refunding Bill, which caused so much excitement and filibustering in the House last summer, will probably be passed soon and be vetoed by the President (as it ought to be), and then left to the next Administration to deal with. The supposed evil which it is intended to cure by this measure having existed for more than a quarter of a century, it will not be greatly aggravated by a few months' longer delay. The bill is a bad one, because it looks towards a distribution of the surplus among the States. The money paid under the Direct-Tax Law of 1861 was legally and constitutionally paid and received. It is not distinguishable from any other collections made by the Government as to its rightfulness. It is therefore just as proper to distribute any other money to the States as this money. No argument can be made upon legal grounds for sending back to the State of New York the money she paid under the Direct-Tax Law that would not justify sending back the estimated sum which her citizens pay in customs duties. The argument that some of the States did not pay their share, and that hence an inequality exists, may be good for collecting the unpaid shares now. Moreover, if it is a question of correcting old inequalities, there is a much older and larger one in sight, namely, the $28,000,000 "deposited" with the twenty-six States which constituted the Union in the year 1837. In order to make things equal now, this money ought to be paid back, or a proportionate amount should be deposited with the twelve States that have since been admitted, not to mention the just claims of our worthy Territories.

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A new complication has arisen regarding "the Irish vote" in this country which politicians will probably find harder to deal with than any preceding one. It appears that mackerel fishing off the Irish coast has lately experienced a considerable revival, and about two years ago Irish salt mackerel began to make its appearance in this country in large quantities, but in an unsatisfactory condition, owing to the Irish ignorance of how to cure the fish for the American market. Somebody went over, however, and showed them how; and now a large supply is said to come from Ireland, and it is increasing rapidly, owing to the high price in our market. The Gloucester fishermen have therefore taken the alarm, and demand the imposition of higher duties on the imported article, and the National Convention of Wholesale Fish-Dealers are to take the matter up. How Republican politicians will meet this demand, it is difficult to see. We doubt if the devotion of the Irish to protection is so great as to make them support an attempt to crush a rising industry of their unfortunate countrymen at home. In the last canvass, the free trade they were taught to hate was "English free trade." Nothing was said to them about Irish free trade, and, so far as we know, nothing has appeared in the London *Times* on that subject, so that there is nothing to quote. What we should do in this embarrassing situation, were we in the place of these politicians, would be to forge an extract from that journal something like this:

> The news that Irish salt mackerel is making its way into the American market in considerable quantities promises, by diminishing discontent, to make the enforcement of English law in that island easier than for some time back. The exportation ought to be encouraged in every way possible, so as to silence the agitators, and extinguish what they ridiculously call the national feeling. What better use can a Celt turn himself to than catching and salting fish for Anglo-Saxons to eat?—*London Times.*

The unreasonable conduct of Sheriff Smith of Birmingham, Alabama, in defending the jail against the demands of the citizens who wanted to take out a man named Hawes and hang him to a convenient tree, led to the lamentable consequence of killing ten men and wounding thirteen others. The alley in front of the jail where this unwarrantable resistance on the part of the Sheriff and his assistants took place resembled, after the action, a hotly contested engagement of infantry against entrenchments. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying, streams of blood filled all the low ground and formed pools here and there, and the buildings and fences within range were riddled with bullets. Public indignation was roused to the highest pitch, and the Governor of the State was appealed to to bring the Sheriff to justice, which he declined to do. Nevertheless the Sheriff and the Chief of Police were arrested for murder, and they will be lucky if they escape lynching in place of Hawes. The crime of the latter has ceased to excite animadversion in Birmingham, having been overshadowed and dwarfed by the greater barbarity of the Sheriff. In the presence of this "holocaust" it is to be feared that less attention than it deserves will be given to the shooting of one Beidler in the streets of Texarkana by a boy of seventeen whose father had had a personal encounter with Beidler, in which nothing more deadly than fists and billets of wood had been used. Nor should we lose sight at such a time of the meritorious activity of the White Caps in Ohio and Indiana, who are holding night sessions of court and administering justice over large tracts of country.

The natural and proper exultation over the revival and probable permanent establishment of the Thomas orchestra should not cause forgetfulness of the fact that the great want of a proper music-hall remains unprovided for. Chickering Hall, with many advantages, has the incurable fault of being too small. The provision of a fitting place for the performance of great music is one of the first æsthetic necessities of New York. Possibly enterprise may be quickened by the knowledge that even London suffers from the same want; it has nothing between St. James's Hall, which seats only about 1,800 persons, and the Albert Hall, which seats over 8,000. The consequence is, that with a body of 8,000 to 10,000 amateur chorus singers in London, and with choral music at the highest pitch of popularity, there are almost no performances. London is suffering, as is New York, for want of a hall with an orchestra to hold say 500 of band and chorus, and an auditorium to seat 3,000 persons. Perhaps emulation, and the satisfaction of seeing New York provided with a structure which London waits for, may heighten public interest in the project of a music-hall fit for our needs.

Lord Salisbury, according to Mr. John Morley, never makes a speech without "at least one blazing indiscretion." His comparison of the Irish to Hottentots in the matter of capacity for self-government was one of these; his announcement that one of his colleagues in the Cabinet was worth more than the whole eighty-six Parnellite members of Parliament was another. He got into the way of saying such things when he was a writer for the *Saturday Review*, in the days when it made a specialty of scorn and contempt for everybody who did not keep hunters or had not graduated at Oxford or Cambridge, without distinction of race or religion, and Mr. Disraeli described him as "a master of flouts and sneers." His last indiscretion, however, appears to be likely to get him into more trouble than any of the others. Englishmen grow increasingly sensitive, as the years roll by and Russian railways creep up nearer to the northwestern frontier, about the feelings and opinions of the natives of India. Everything that can be done is being done to humor them and attach them to the British connection. A great many of the upper class are becoming Anglicized; they are educated in England, and practise at the English bar, occasionally try to get into Parliament, and distinguish themselves frequently as speakers on the stump. One of the most prominent of them, Dadabhai Naoroji, a Bombay Parsee, ran for Parliament as the Liberal candidate in the Holborn district of London at the election before this last one, and was defeated. He is an able and well-educated man and a good speaker, and has the usual swarthy Indian complexion. In a late speech Lord Salisbury ridiculed the Liberals of this district for having had a "black man" for their candidate. The East Indians have learned to swallow insults in silence, but have immense capacity for steady and protracted hate. When an Englishman sneers at one as a "black man," they know that he has in his mind the epithet "nigger," which is the common Anglo-Indian description of the Indian subjects of the Queen, and they know what contempt the epithet expresses. Consequently, the Anglo-Indian press has taken the matter up very warmly, as they think (and most English Liberals agree with them) that Lord Salisbury has been sneering at the expense of the Indian Empire.

Mexico has probably suffered more than any other country from the steady depreciation of silver, for the reason that it is her principal article of export. An attempt to help matters was made in the law of June 6, 1887, which aimed to diminish the cost of production of the metal by the removal of various domestic taxes. The resulting gain has been slight, though the miners are grateful even for that. Just now a new "blow at Mexican silver" is being aimed by Spain. Some time ago that country ordered the discontinuance of the circulation of the Mexican dollar in the Philippine Islands, and now proposes to coin a "colonial dollar" for use in Cuba and Porto Rico, as well as in her colonial possessions of the East. This will not only cut off an existing demand for Mexican silver, but will throw back upon the Mexican Government a part of the outstanding coinage. Fear of this may have been the spur urging on the Mexican Chamber to the latest law upon the subject. This measure, which passed its first reading on November 13, directs the President to exert himself to procure an agreement among the Latin countries, England, and the United States for the use of an international silver coin. The debate was only notable for bringing to light what is probably a new epithet among the many astonishing ones applied to silver; a deputy called it "the red globules in the blood of commerce." As to the project itself, it will undoubtedly come up in some shape before the coming American Congress, from which gathering more may be expected than from the simple initiative of Mexico. Among the great practical difficulties in the way of the scheme may be mentioned the widely varying monetary units of the South American States. To make a coin easily exchangeable with them all would almost require higher mathematics of the kind Robert Morris proposed to employ to harmonize the different monetary units of the Confederation.

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LESSONS OF THE FIGURES.

WE have compiled a table which presents at a glance the total vote cast for President at the recent election, in comparison with the votes of 1880 and 1884, in all but a dozen of the States. In most cases the figures are official; in all the rest they contain returns from all the towns of a State, and will vary but slightly from the official count, with the single exception of West Virginia, where, however, it is known that there is a Democratic plurality for President of about 1,000. We omit the figures in the half-dozen Southern States where the Republicans made no fight, as well as those for the westernmost States of the Union. The figures of the Prohibition vote are given for each year, but the labor vote so generally disappeared this year that it did not seem worth the space it would take:

	1880.				1884.					1888.			
	Rep.	Dem.	Gbk.	Pro.	Rep.	Dem.	Lab.	Pro.		Rep.	Dem.	Pro.	
Maine	74,039	65,171	4,408	95	72,209	52,140	3,953	2,100		73,794	50,481	2,691	
New Hampshire	44,852	40,791	528	180	43,249	30,183	552	1,571		45,728	42,358	1,585	
Vermont	45,567	18,316	1,215	. .	39,514	17,331	785	1,752		46,788	42,102	1,497	
Massachusetts	111,960	121,940	4,548	682	146,724	122,481	24,433	10,026		183,892	151,855	8,701	
Rhode Island	18,195	10,779	236	20	19,030	12,201	422	928		21,969	17,533	1,283	
Connecticut	67,071	64,415	808	409	66,923	67,190	1,688	2,305		74,584	74,920	4,234	
New York	555,544	534,511	12,373	1,517	562,005	563,154	16,994	25,016		650,338	635,965	30,231	
New Jersey	120,555	122,565	2,617	1,191	123,440	127,708	3,406	6,159		144,344	151,493	7,004	
Pennsylvania	444,704	407,428	20,668	1,939	473,804	392,785	16,992	15,283		526,223	446,934	30,756	
Delaware	14,133	15,275	130	818	12,951	10,004	6	591		12,914	10,473	401	
Maryland	78,515	93,706	818	. . . .	85,699	96,932	591	2,704		99,986	101,168	4,700	
Virginia	84,920	128,580	. . . .	. . . .	80,356	145,497	. . . .	138		150,442	151,977	1,678	
West Virginia	46,243	57,391	9,079	. . . .	63,096	67,317	810	939	About 1,000 Dem. plurality	147,902	154,784	2,787	
North Carolina	115,874	124,208	1,126	258	125,038	142,952	1,691	454		155,124	183,800	5,225	
Kentucky	106,306	110,008	11,499	43	118,122	132,961	957	3,139		158,089	158,787	5,969	
Tennessee	107,677	128,191	5,917	. . . .	124,078	133,258	. . . .	1,311		136,825	158,779	4,954	
Missouri	153,567	208,609	35,135	2,610	202,920	235,988	2,153	4,495		236,252	261,957	4,964	
Ohio	375,048	340,821	6,456	. . . .	400,082	368,280	5,179	11,049		416,054	396,455	24,356	
Indiana	232,164	225,522	12,986	413	238,463	244,990	8,293	3,028		263,361	261,013	9,881	
Illinois	318,037	277,321	26,358	942	337,474	312,355	10,910	12,074		370,427	348,302	21,441	
Michigan	185,341	131,597	34,805	609	192,669	149,835	4,598	18,403		236,307	213,304	20,942	
Wisconsin	144,400	114,649	7,986	69	161,157	146,459	3,583	7,656		176,553	155,282	14,277	
Minnesota	93,903	53,315	3,207	280	111,923	70,144	. . . .	4,084		130,220	97,209	15,500	
Iowa	183,927	105,745	32,701	592	197,089	177,316	16,341	1,472		211,598	170,877	8,550	
Kansas	121,549	50,801	19,851	25	154,406	90,132	. . . .	4,495		182,914	102,738	6,779	
Nebraska	54,979	28,523	3,930	. . . .	70,912	54,391	. . . .	2,809		108,650	80,646	9,552	

The feature of this table which is most likely to arrest attention is the remarkable shrinkage which the Republican vote suffered in 1884, as compared with the dimensions which it should have reached, according to all the laws which govern such matters. Take New York, for example. It has always been claimed that the Republican candidate for President in 1884 received tens of thousands of votes which had always before gone to the Democrats, and which were cast for Hancock in 1880; and yet the Republican candidate for President in 1884 received only 562,005 votes, against 555,544 thrown for Garfield in 1880, which shows that the normal Republican vote of 1884 was smaller by tens of thousands than it should have been. In Connecticut the Republican candidate had received 67,071 votes in 1880; despite a considerable increase in population, the Republican candidate in 1884 polled but 65,923 votes. Massachusetts in 1880 had given the Republican candidate 165,205 votes; the State contained a great many more voters in 1884, but the Republican candidate was supported by only 146,724 of them.

The figures for 1888 emphasize this showing. In New York the Republican vote, which, despite the large accessions from the Democracy, increased by only about 6,000 from 1880 to 1884, was 88,000 larger in 1888 than in 1884. Making due allowance for the many thousands of votes which Harrison secured from the Democratic side through the alliance with the saloons and through the use of "boodle," it yet remains true that the normal Republican vote this year shows the large increase reasonably to be expected every four years in this great and growing State, but which was not shown in 1884. In like manner in Connecticut the Republican vote, which fell off 1,148 from 1880 to 1884, has risen again, so that it shows in 1888 the gain of 7,513 over 1880, which might fairly be expected in eight years. Massachusetts furnishes the most impressive illustration of the same fact. The Republican vote in 1888 is 18,687 larger than in 1880, but at the same time it is 37,168 larger than in 1884. Before the election just held, there may have been excuse for some doubt as to what it was that defeated the Republican party in 1884; but in the light of these figures no candid person can longer question that it was the candidate of 1884 who was responsible. The verdict of history on that matter is rendered by the returns of the election of 1888.

As regards the tariff issue, the showing is altogether encouraging to the friends of reform. It was the tariff issue which finally elected Garfield in 1880, after the failure of the bloody-shirt cry in the September election in Maine had forced a change of base. But observe how much less effective the tariff scare was this year than eight years ago. In 1880 Garfield carried New York by more than 21,000 plurality; in 1888 Harrison would not have carried it except for the Harrison and Hill saloon-vote combination. In 1880 Garfield carried Indiana by 6,600 plurality; in 1888 Harrison, with "State pride" to help him and an unexampled boodle fund, has only 2,300, and Gen. Hovey, the Republican candidate for Governor, frankly confesses that they could not have got that if the President's record on the pension question had not given them the votes of thousands of Democratic soldiers. In 1880 Connecticut gave the high-tariff candidate over 2,500 plurality; in 1888 it gives its electoral votes to the low-tariff candidate. In 1880 New Jersey gave only 2,000 plurality against the high-tariff policy; in 1888, over 7,000. Rhode Island gave nearly 7,500 plurality for the high tariff in 1880; only about 4,500 in 1888. New Hampshire, over 4,000 eight years ago; less than 2,500 now,

The same thing holds true among Republican States at the West. For example, in Ohio over 34,000 for the high-tariff candidate in 1880; less than 20,000 in 1888. In Illinois, over 40,000 in 1880; only 22,000 in 1888. In Wisconsin, almost 30,000 in 1880; only about 21,000 in 1888. In Iowa, 45,000 for the high-tariff candidate over both the Democratic and Greenback tickets in 1880; less than 32,000 in 1888. East or West there is nothing discouraging to those who believe in a thoroughgoing reform of the tariff.

But the tariff reformers must be prepared to lose electoral votes in the South which they have hitherto had. The half-dozen States which lie nearest the North are drifting towards Republicanism, and towards Republicanism on the tariff issue. Both Virginia and West Virginia almost crossed the line this year; neither can any longer be counted among sure Democratic States. Some of their neighbors incline to keep them company. It is extremely unlikely that the old slave States will ever vote together again in a Presidential election.

The tariff reformers have two sources of strength for the future. One is found in the older manufacturing States of the East, where the workingmen are already getting their eyes open. New Jersey and Connecticut ought to be retained, and New York put where we believe it would have been if the issue had been presented free from complications this year, while New Hampshire and Rhode Island ought to be won over. The other field to cultivate is the agricultural States of the West. Indiana believes in tariff reform, Illinois is missionary ground, other States in that part of the country are not hopeless. A readjustment of party lines in such directions as we have indicated is greatly to be desired. A Republican State or two in the South would do more than anything else to eliminate the sectional issue from our politics, and to enable the Democrats, on a good platform, to carry one or two of the great Western States.

AN EDUCATIONAL TEST.

AN immense deal of stuff regarding the "Southern question" has been published in the newspapers, both South and North, since Harrison's election, but for the most part it has not deserved serious attention. Two Southern journals, however—the Charleston *News and Courier* in South Carolina and the Montgomery *Dispatch* in Alabama—have advocated a policy which merits thoughtful consideration. It is the establishment of an educational test for the suffrage.

The *Dispatch*, which was first to suggest this policy, declared that the ills which have befallen the Southern States since the war have come chiefly from the dense ignorance which pervades so large a proportion of the electorate, and it pointed out that Northern States, like Massachusetts, shut out ignorance from the ballot-box. It advised Alabama to follow the example of the New England State. "If a mere consideration of expediency, an abstract respect for the dignity of the ballot," it said, "has induced Massachusetts to withhold the right of suffrage from the illiterate,

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the incompetent, and the corrupt, considerations a thousand-fold more imperative urge us to adopt that policy." The *News and Courier* admitted that South Carolina had rudely established a certain sort of educational test in what is known as the eight-box law, under which the ballots for different officers must be deposited by the voter in different boxes appropriately inscribed, and no vote placed in the wrong box is counted; the result being that the ignorant voter is pretty sure to make mistakes, as nobody is ever allowed to help him out of his trouble—at least if he is a negro. But the Charleston paper frankly confessed that this was an evasion, after all, and advised grasping the difficulty squarely at once, and amending the State Constitution so as to impose an educational qualification.

The *News and Courier* appears to take it for granted that such a change would result in diminishing the State's representation in Congress and in the Electoral College, under the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, but insists that it would be better to lose a Congressman or two than to go on as at present. But it is by no means certain that the establishment of an educational test would operate in this way. The section of the amendment in question reads as follows:

"Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens, twenty-one years of age, in such State."

It will be seen that everything would depend upon the judicial construction put upon the expression, "denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, or in any way abridged." What is required to constitute such denial or abridgment? In many Northern States the right to vote is restricted in various ways. In New York, for example, nobody can vote who has "not been an inhabitant of this State one year next preceding an election." This, of course, cuts off every year a number of men who would otherwise be entitled to vote. Moreover, a man must have resided in the county for at least four months. He might have lived in the State to old age, but if he had lived on one side of the East River until last August, and then moved to the other side, he would not have been able to vote anywhere in November. Still further, in New York city a man must be registered, and that requires his personal presence at the place of registration on one of four specified days. Every year it happens that men lose their votes because, although well enough to go to the polls on election day, they were too ill for some time previous to go to the place of registration. There is no doubt that in New York at least 3 per cent. of "the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States," are prevented from voting by these restrictions upon the suffrage, and if the basis of representation were to be reduced in proportion, the State would lose one of its thirty-four Congressmen and of its thirty-six electoral votes; but no reasonable person would claim that the amendment to the Federal Constitution was intended to be construed in that way.

Take the case of the poll-tax, payment of which, as well as the ability to read, is required by Massachusetts. This requirement debars a considerable number of men from voting. Either they cannot afford to pay the money as election day approaches, or they would rather save the money than enjoy the privilege of casting a ballot. Thousands, and even tens of thousands, of dollars are put out by the party committees in Boston for the payment of poll-taxes in every closely contested canvass; but nobody would maintain that Massachusetts ought to lose one of her twelve Congressmen because one in twelve of her voters may be kept from the ballot-box by this poll-tax test.

As to the educational test. The census of 1880 showed that there were in Massachusetts 496,692 white males above the age of twenty-one, of whom 30,956, or almost one-sixteenth, were unable to write. Nearly all of these were of foreign birth, and many of them had not lived long enough in this country to become naturalized. But suppose that all of the 30,956 in question were citizens, otherwise entitled to vote: could the State be punished by the Federal Government for their illiteracy?

Suppose that South Carolina or Alabama gave notice in 1889 that on and after the fall election of 1890 no man should vote who could not read the Constitution in the English language and write his name—to copy the Massachusetts test: would that be, in any proper sense of the words, either a denial or abridgment of the right to vote? At least a year's notice would be given, and the capacity to read could be acquired by any man in a year. Would the fact that a number of men did not acquire the capacity be ground for mulcting the State?

Our Government was established upon the theory of popular intelligence; it was expected by the founders that everybody who voted would know how to read his ballot. The idea of leaving an election to be decided by men of whom a majority cannot write their names is intolerable; and yet in South Carolina more than half the men above the age of twenty-one in 1880—106,934 out of 205,779—were so ignorant as this. It was nearly as bad in Alabama, 120,858 out of 259,884. Certainly the nation ought not to punish a State for trying to introduce intelligence into its government.

The really serious difficulty in the way, we suspect, will be with the whites. This is not a question which applies solely to the negroes, although, of course, it would chiefly affect them. Almost one-sixth of the white men in South Carolina, quite one-sixth in Alabama, were unable to write their names eight years ago. It was still worse in North Carolina—almost a quarter. It may well be doubted whether the evils of negro rule will appear terrible enough to cause white men to disfranchise themselves.

RICH BOYCOTTERS.

ONE of the ablest economists in England, Mr. Henry Sidgwick, the author of 'Methods of Ethics,' in an address before the British Association defended the theory of protection against those who denied the moral right of governments to impose taxes for the purpose of promoting domestic industry; but at the end he ruined his argument for protectionist purposes by laying it down that no nation in the world had virtue or self-restraint or ability enough to administer a system of protection through legislation. It was sure to debauch, he held, both the legislature which enacted the tariff and the "interests" which profited by it. There is nothing new in this argument. It owes whatever force it has in Mr. Sidgwick's mouth to the fact that it comes from a man who attaches no importance to the moral objections to protection of which some free-traders make a good deal. But it is an argument which gives new weight to the considerations urged by Mr. Cleveland in his last message—that high tariffs, maintained for the benefit of the rich, teach socialism to the poor, and make them eager to get hold of the Government, that they, too, may fill their pockets through class legislation.

Curiously enough, too, they seem to lead to the adoption by the rich of some of the practices by which the poor tyrannize over their fellows in pursuance of socialistic aims. Nobody has yet forgotten the fight we had in these parts, over two years ago, with the trades-union boycotters. They asked to be allowed to enforce a system of exclusive dealing by which anybody who did not agree with their views about wages and hours and the methods of work should be, if a laborer, prevented from getting any employment, and if an employer, prevented from selling his goods. Before public sentiment was thoroughly roused against them, and the law brought into play to restrain them, they had made the lives of thousands of laborers miserable, and threatened scores of employers with ruin. They rioted in the streets, and blocked them up, and stopped the traffic on great lines of railroads, and in some districts, as during the great Southwestern strike, produced an almost total suspension of industry. When all was over, and they found the law too strong for them, they actually tried, as in this State, to get the law changed so as to make their attacks on persons and property legally justifiable, or at least harmless.

Those who recall the public indignation at these tactics on the part of Labor, will be astonished to learn that Capital shows signs of designing to resort to them also, in defence of its present legal privileges in this country. The Home-Market Club, which has its headquarters in Boston, and includes most of the New England manufacturers, is said to have been so much exasperated and alarmed by the attack on the tariff made by the Democrats in the last

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election, that it proposes a "plan of campaign" not unlike that to which the slaveholders resorted before the war, with the view of warding off assaults on their property as contained in "the peculiar institution." That is to say, they propose to enter into an agreement to consign their goods for sale in this city to none but Republicans, to employ in their mills only Republican superintendents who control the voting hands, and to add to their existing black list of turbulent laborers the names of noted Democrats. Our older readers will be reminded by this of the blacklist of Northern wholesale houses which used to be made up in the slave States, so that Southern dealers might avoid them, and of the blackmail which Southern newspapers used to levy on timorous Northern traders and publishers, to pay for exemption from denunciation as "abolitionists" or enemies of the South and her institutions. That was a very painful chapter in the history of the country, and, indeed, one may say, in the history of human nature, and one which probably no one who saw slavery crushed, ever expected to see repeated here in defence of any cause or "interest."

It is hard for boycotting to flourish on American soil. The manners, the feelings of the people are utterly opposed to it. But it is everywhere the chief weapon of a privileged class which finds itself assailed in its property or in its privileges. It was the chief defence of the landlords in England against the abolition of the Corn Laws. It was the chief defence of the slaveholders against the attacks on slavery, and it will doubtless play a large part in the defence of the tariff. To assail the tariff is, in the eyes of a great many people, to assail their property and consideration in the community, and the whole system of things in which they find their mundane happiness. They, therefore, repel it with the utmost bitterness. The man who questions its sanctity is an incendiary and leveller, a confederate of foreign enemies and rivals. They want to drive him out of the community, to close his mouth on the platform, stop the circulation of his books and newspapers, and discredit his morals, exactly as the slaveholders used to do with the abolitionists, and the landholders with Cobden and Bright. In fact, the work is so odious that they cannot conceive of anybody engaging in it without being paid for it, and therefore to the other charges against him they add that of being a hireling.

What is this privilege, defended with such desperation? It is the privilege of selling goods to people who do not want them at a price fixed by yourself, and of preventing their going to any other market than yours. But is it not unprecedented that a claim on its face so unreasonable should be defended with such fierceness and even malignity? Not at all. The more unreasonable a claim is, the more ferociously does a man assert it. The claim to hold men in chattel slavery was much more unreasonable, and was maintained at the cost of filling a whole continent with blood and fire. The claim of the exclusive right to sell bread to the English people at prices fixed by the men who grew the wheat, was pushed to the verge of civil war, as essential to the maintenance of the British monarchy. We have seen in this city and all over the country large bodies of men ready to maim, kill, and burn in defence of the right to stay in another man's service against his will at wages fixed by themselves.

In fact, the desire to live on one's neighbor is as old as human history. It shows itself in new forms in every generation. It is universal, potent, and apparently indestructible. It has survived the attacks of all the great religions and systems of philosophy. It furnishes all the most serious problems of government and of morals in our day, and has managed in this country to-day to form an alliance with both religion and patriotism which makes it exceedingly formidable, and calls for extraordinary patience and good temper on the part of those who think they have a right to spend their earnings in their own way.

THE FRENCH SPOLIATION GAME.

THE newspapers from time to time call the attention of the public to the reappearance, often under some new form, of some amusing old "game," by means of which trustful countrymen are taken in and done for by city sharpers. Bunco, the gold-brick swindle, the sawdust and panel games seem to have an eternal lease of life, and no amount of experience on the part of the public, or exposure by the press, impairs their popularity or success. In many cases, to be sure, the victim is himself simply a would-be sharper over-reached by a more cunning student of human nature, and therefore has no special desire to set the machinery of justice in motion; but in others he is innocent of all intention to do wrong, and it is this innocent class—the worthy men who are tempted by old though dimly remembered friends to drop into a picture exhibition for a few minutes; or who, to facilitate a real-estate transaction, draw their money out of the bank and place it in the hands of what the lawyers call a "gratuitous bailee"—on whose steady support and confidence the greatest reliance of the merry dogs who take them in is placed.

It is curious to notice that, while games of this sort carried on by private persons attract a great deal of notice in the press, practical pecuniary jokes of equal ingenuity and much greater magnitude, perpetrated by sovereign governments, are treated as a matter of course; and instead of bright, newsy accounts of them being written up by the best reporters, they are dismissed in a paragraph or item the force of which few persons but those immediately interested comprehend. This would be easy to understand if the victims in these cases were always, as they are sometimes, foreigners. When a Government plays the well-known and favorite repudiation game by borrowing a sum of money abroad and meeting the demands of the creditors by pointing out to them that it is a maxim of the common law of the borrowing country that it cannot be sued, and that consequently a claim for money had and received will not lie, it is natural enough that the newspapers of the borrowing country should not enlarge upon the matter. It would be unpatriotic and short-sighted to do so, as it would spoil the market in the future. But when the game is played by a Government upon its own citizens, the case is different. We should expect the press to take the matter up, and the papers in opposition, at least, to make a noise about it—especially so, in the case of one of the oldest and most favorite games (or "rackets" as they are now generally called) played by any modern Government. One which has now gone on for about a century has been managed with surprising skill by every political party which has obtained possession of the Government, has enriched the Treasury with the spoils of four generations of "claimants," as the victims are amusingly called, and bids fair, in some form or other, to be played quite as long as bunco, or the three-card monte trick, or the panel-game. We refer to the manner of dealing by the United States Government with what are called the French Spoliation Claims.

The first step in the French-claims racket, as in all these cases, was, of course, to obtain possession of the claimant's property; and this was done by means of what, as we look back upon it, must be regarded as a comical trick. A large number of American merchants had suffered a variety of depredations at the hands of French cruisers, for which there was no cause or excuse. Vessels had been seized, taken into prize courts and condemned, cargoes had been destroyed, and damage had been inflicted to the extent of several millions of dollars. There was no state of war between the two countries, and, when called upon for an explanation, the French only gave the somewhat depressing reply that their patriotism was aroused to such a pitch that they could not readily distinguish between the vessels of their enemies, the English, and those of a people "speaking the same language and having the same habits." There was no remedy except through the Government, and the Government was quite equal to the occasion. "Bring the claims to us," it said; "file your documents and proofs, and you need give the matter no further thought." Accordingly, the merchants and the insurers and the consignees all brought in their claims and filed them, while the Government went to work to obtain redress. And obtain redress it did. In season and out of season it urged upon France in the gravest way the wrong and injustice which had been done; in season and out of season it loudly demanded, in the name of justice, honor, international law, and all the other abstractions which figure so much in these cases, that France should settle these claims; and finally a settlement was made of a very peculiar description. France had certain claims against us for having broken treaties made with her in 1778. Our Government had no claims of a similar character against France, but it represented, as an attorney might, the claims of its citizens for the marine spoliations. A happy thought suddenly struck it. Why not

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barter away the claims of its citizens against the French, and get France to relinquish her national claims against the United States? No sooner said than done. As old Timothy Pickering tersely put it, our Government "applied the merchants' property to buy off those old treaties." By these proceedings, according to familiar principles, not only of justice, but of international law, the United States became liable to its citizens for their property, which it had put to such excellent diplomatic use.

Then the fun began. The Government having assumed the liabilities of France, the only remaining thing to be done was the payment of them. But when the claimants asked for the money, they began to realize that it was one thing for the Government to assume the claims, and quite another to get them paid. The early way of meeting the claims was as follows: One year a bill would be introduced into Congress for the payment of the claims, and would be passed by the House; but, lo and behold! it would be thrown out in the Senate. Another year the bill would pass the Senate, but then it would be thrown out in the House. When it failed to pass the Senate, the House was always sorry; when it failed to pass the House, the Senate deplored the result; when, as on one or two occasions happened, it passed both houses, then the President vetoed it, and both houses deplored his action. Forty-five favorable reports of committees, seven bills passed by the Senate, and two by the House, encouraged the claimants. The failure of all these efforts depressed them. The victims, of course, got quite excited and anxious over it, and their excitement afforded for a long time a great deal of sport. They always seemed to be just on the point of getting their claims paid, when, presto! the legislative thimble, under which the measure had last been seen, was lifted up, and there was nothing whatever beneath it.

And so the game went on year after year. One generation of impoverished claimants died and another came on the scene, claim-agents advertised and took powers of attorney, the hopes of the victims were stimulated to just the point necessary to keep the fun alive, and still the claims were unpaid.

It was obvious, however, that the game could not be kept up for ever in this way. In the course of time the claimants, however innocent, and however well satisfied of the justice of their claims, would see what it all meant, and cease to make any claims. Then the joke would die out; for the joke consists, not merely in getting and keeping what belongs to somebody else, but in encouraging him to believe that you are determined to see that he gets it back, meanwhile slyly frustrating his eager efforts to do so. A few years since, however, it became plain that the old racket could not be worked to advantage any more. The claimants were getting tired, and in a tedious way were beginning to complain that the whole thing was a swindle, and it looked as if they might pretty soon abandon the claims altogether. This would never do. Clearly some step must be taken to revive their waning hopes, and accordingly a device was hit upon which shows that the ingenuity of the sons is at least equal to that of the fathers. It consisted of the passage of a bill sending all the claims to the Court of Claims (a thing repeatedly asked by the claimants), with a direction that the court should determine their validity and certify the amounts due from the Government. Such was the bill actually passed by Congress, and signed by President Arthur in 1885. The claimants were delighted. At last, they cried—such of them as were left to cry—justice will be done us! At last we shall get our dues! Accordingly they went into court and made their arguments; and the Government was heard on its side gravely contending that there was nothing in the claims (it is the duty of the Attorney-General to see that no injustice is done to the United States, and that no one cheats or circumvents it or imposes upon its confidence), and finally the Government's own court solemnly decided that the claims were valid and ought to be paid. But have they been paid? Not at all. This was the point of the whole thing. The act made no provision for their payment, but only for a discussion of the question whether they should be paid, and jocosely reserved to Congress the right to refuse to pay them at all. In the solemn language of the court:

"So peculiar a jurisdiction was probably never before imposed upon a strictly judicial tribunal. The rights of the claimants, if any exist, arise from the acts of the political branch of the Government, done in the protection and aid of the nation. For such rights there can be no remedy other than that granted by the Legislature. In this instance the Legislature has elected to transmit to the judiciary, under certain restrictions, the examination of the claimants' demands, with the proviso that the conclusion reached in this forum shall not be finally binding upon either party, but that the defendants, as well as the claimants, have reserved to them an appeal, not, in the regular line of judicial procedure, to the Supreme Court of the United States, but back again *to that body from which alone any remedy can come to the citizen for wrongs done him by his Government.*" (Davis, J.)

Does the amusing character of the French spoliation game now become apparent? For two years, the Court of Claims has been examining and certifying judgments on French spoliation claims; that is, the court passes the claims, and, like other judgments of the court, they are included in the annual appropriation bills. But then, for some mysterious reason, there is such a difficulty between the two houses in coming to an agreement upon the items of the appropriation bills that the French claims are at the last moment left out. When the bills reach the President, he finds that these items are not included. The time has come for raising the thimble. What do we find beneath it? Nothing at all? As before, ladies and gentlemen, nothing whatever.

THE EUROPEAN PROSPECT.

EUROPEAN statesmen and financiers are again discussing, as they discussed last year, the chances of a Continental war next spring. The London *Economist* goes over the ground carefully in its last issue, and warns the investing public that the eagerness just now of various governments to raise loans, and the readiness of the great bankers to recommend them, contain no assurance of peace. The great bankers who put the loans on the market are, it says, satisfied, and reasonably satisfied, that there will be no outbreak of hostilities during the next few months, or long enough to enable them to place the bonds, and further than this they do not look; but ordinary investors must look further. If they do look further ahead, it maintains, they will see good reason to fear war before long, either through a collision between Austria and Russia on the Danube, or through a revolution in France and the rise of a dictator who will be compelled to go to war in order to secure his seat.

That a crisis of some kind is rapidly approaching in France, the *Economist* feels very sure. Boulanger is gaining ground in popular respect; the meetings of the Chambers are becoming more and more disorderly, and the Ministry are giving way as to the need of revising the Constitution. When the Constituent Assembly meets for revision, nobody knows what will happen. And that Russia's patience over the loss of her influence in the Balkan peninsula is fast reaching its limits, and that the Czar's disposition to meddle in Bulgaria has been greatly increased through the accession to power of the Radical or philo-Russian party in Rumania, is very probable. Then there are troubles in Servia which may bring about an Austrian occupation of Belgrade, which would be sure to precipitate Russian interference; Finally, the armaments of all the great Powers are so heavy that statesmen have begun to doubt "whether a war, terrible as its results would be, would be more injurious to their people than a protracted continuance of the present condition of extreme preparation, under which every fifth man in Europe is a drilled soldier, liable to be called out for an actual campaign."

All these are things which of course it behooves everybody who thinks seriously of investing in new Russian, French, Italian, or Hungarian loans to take into account; but they might very well cause him to put his money into something else without feeling really apprehensive of an outbreak of hostilities in the spring. The larger considerations are really as strongly in favor of peace now as they were a year ago. It is true that the future is very uncertain in France, and that a revision of the Constitution might bring Boulanger to the top, in the character, if not of dictator, of a sort of lord protector of the Republic. But anyone who thinks Boulanger would rush into war, and would have the French people at his back in doing so, overlooks the fact that the French have undertaken no war, since they repelled the Duke of Brunswick's invasion, without having either a tried military leader, or an army whose superiority to all other armies was not questioned by Frenchmen. There is no such leader now, and there is no such army. For the first time Frenchmen doubt the ability of their troops to save France from invasion. That the army did not save France in 1814

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and 1815 was accounted for by the fact that it was exhausted by twenty years of victory. In 1870 there was no such excuse, and the national pride has not recovered from 1870. The enormous size of the present army does not reassure the public; for the larger the army, the greater the talent needed to direct its operations, and there is not a man in France, fit for active service, who has given proof of ability to manœuvre 50,000 men in the field. Finally, the stories of corruption in the civil service, of which the air is full, naturally dispose people to ask, What is the state of things in the supply departments of the military service? What would a declaration of war bring to light? Boulanger has not given any sign of capacity to dissipate these doubts.

In the next place, although it may be true that European statesmen are asking themselves whether actual war would not be a relief from the terrible burdens of the present state of preparation, it is also true that they have been asking themselves the same question for the last forty years, during which the remedy of war has been tried several times without bringing relief. After the wars of 1859, 1866, 1870, and 1877 the armaments continued steadily to increase. In fact, the lesson of every war to military men during the last half-century has been the need of more men and guns and horses. Whether a Power be victorious or vanquished, immediately after the peace it sets about adding to its army and navy; so that the world does not look on war any longer as a means of so settling disputes as to do away with the need of increased preparation for hostilities. The war of 1866 increased both the Austrian and Prussian armies. The war of 1870 increased the French, German, and Italian armies. The war of 1877 increased the Russian army. The people now know this very well, and do not look to war as a lightener of burdens.

There is no doubt that the situation on the Danube looks doubtful. Gen. Gourko, the hero of the Balkan campaign in 1877, and now Governor of Warsaw, recently made a speech at a dinner in that city in which he openly threatened both Austria and Germany, and said that, should the occasion arise, the Russian Army would know the road both to Vienna and Berlin. But probably nowhere is the uncertainty of war more strongly felt than among Russians, and especially in the mind of the present Czar. The war of 1877, which was a great military success, left Russia worse off on the Danube, and further away from Constantinople, than she was before she undertook it; and yet she had nobody to deal with but the Turks in the field and the British on paper. What would be the issue of a collision with the combined Austrian and German armies, nobody can guess—the Czar no better than anybody else. Statesmen do not run over all these considerations in public; but that they weigh heavily on their decisions there can be no doubt. To call out the strength which every nation now puts into military operations, involves responsibility so tremendous that the men who will lightly venture on it will probably become rarer and rarer. There is no man now on the European stage who has the kind of courage that it needs except Bismarck, and most likely advancing years have taken it even from him.

THE GUADALUPE VIRGIN.

RECENT events in Mexico have called unusual attention to the patron saint of that country, Our Lady of Guadalupe. A native writer has taken advantage of the popular interest, and has published what may be called an attempt to give the natural history of the famous apparition of 1531. Every volume of Mexican travels, from Bernal Diaz to the compilations of the latest newspaper correspondent, has given an account, in one way or another, of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin to Juan Diego on the spot where now stands the shrine built in her honor; and the details of the story are familiar to all readers. Such narratives get scant courtesy at the hands of intelligent men nowadays. Curt dismissal, as but a new instance of a popular delusion, or a fabrication of the priesthood, is the most they can expect. But such a study as the one referred to, which seeks in contemporaneous records the raw material out of which the story grew or was framed, must always have an interest of its own, if only as being a new triumph of reason over superstition.

Considerable importance attaches to the very name Guadalupe. By this name, so the story runs, the Virgin directed that her miraculously painted picture should be called. But she was talking to an Indian, and presumably in one of the Nahua dialects. Now, it is affirmed by competent scholars that the letters *d* and *g* do not occur in those languages, and that the nearest an Aztec could come to saying Guadalupe would be *Tecuatalope*. The ancient name of the hill where the apparition is said to have taken place was Tepeyac. Whence, then, came the name Guadalupe? No certainly-traced connection can be made out, but it is a fact of great significance that Spain had her own Lady of Guadalupe, before the Conquest. According to the 'Monarquía de España' of Salazar, a Virgin known by that name was the object of special worship in Cáceres, a small village of the Province of Andalusia. Very suggestively, though at the same time very aggravatingly, since the clue leads to nothing, the historian says that Hernan Cortes was much given to the service of this Virgin, and that he had placed in her shrine a silver lamp and a scorpion of gold encrusted with emeralds. This last, of course, was a votive offering. Now, Mexican history reveals no connection at all between Cortes and the Mexican Virgin of Guadalupe; yet, under the circumstances, it is easy to believe that one existed of which all trace has been lost. At any rate, it is worth knowing that a Virgin of Guadalupe was no novelty to the conquering Spaniards. In fact, a report of a Viceroy to Philip II., in 1575, says that the Mexican Virgin was called Guadalupan, from her resemblance to one of the same name in Spain.

Among the direct antecedents of the special cult of the Virgin on the hill of Tepeyac must be taken into account the well-established fact that the same spot had long been the scene of pagan rites of great religious importance. The Indians regarded the place as sacred long before they were taught to venerate it by the priests of Spain. Sahagun, for example, relates that the temple to the Virgin but succeeded an older one of the Aztecs in the same locality. The same Catholic historian also says that, just as the Indians now gather from leagues around to share in the great festival of Guadalupe Day, December 12, so in pagan times thronging multitudes used to go yearly to the same place to join in one of the greatest of the heathen feasts. More striking still is it to notice the deity formerly worshipped on the spot where now the Virgin is held in such veneration. It was one of the seats of Tonantzin. That word is variously translated "Mother of the Gods" or "Queen of the Virgins." Thus no violent wrench in the religious ideas of the natives was required in their transition from one faith to another.

As indicative of the willingness of the monks who accompanied the Spaniards to utilize the preconceptions of the Indians for their own purposes, it is worthy of mention that the Franciscans early had a hermitage upon the hill of Tepeyac. This they had dedicated to the special worship of the Virgin Mary, though she was not yet known as the Virgin of Guadalupe. Even after the apparition was said to have taken place, and the Christian service had been introduced, many of the old Indian rites, dances, songs, etc., continued to be in use, as is attested by writers who were scandalized by the fact. Thus the good monk Sahagun says of the Indians: "And still they come great distances to seek their Tonantzin, just as they used to do, and this devotion is highly suspicious, since there are churches of Our Lady everywhere, but they do not go to them; yet they keep on coming leagues to their Tonantzin"; and Tanco witnesses to the mixture of heathen with Christian ceremonies that long prevailed at the Guadalupe shrine. Add the fact that others of the modern holy places of Mexico have borrowed no small part of their sanctity from foregoing pagan times—this is the case, for example, with the seat of the other renowned Mexican Virgin, Our Lady of Remedios—and it will not be hard to imagine how deft fingers put the new Christian patch in the old pagan garment.

It was not until 1757 that the Holy See granted the request of its Mexican subjects, and gave permission for the religious celebration of Guadalupe Day, assigning the proper prayers and offices. Even in the decree conceding this, Benedict XIV. used language which is very cautious, and does not commit the Church to actual belief in the apparition. This was observed by Juan Bautista Muñoz, who read an essay on the question before the Royal Academy of History of Madrid in 1794. And the Academy itself, in the "notice" which it prefixed to the essay in its published proceedings, said: "The careful and reverent criticism with which this scholar examines the origin and growth of these popular legends, demonstrating by means of trustworthy documents their want of solid truthfulness, and, at the same time, the reasonableness of the worship paid the sacred painting, always to be held in respect even if it never appeared in the way alleged, is wholly in keeping with the reserve and distrust with which the Holy See looked upon the popular belief." In close, if surprising, keeping with this is the pastoral of the Mexican Bishop of Tamaulipas, dated October 15, 1887. Its material parts are as follows:

"Inasmuch as certain priests have asked what they ought to say to those believers and sceptics of their respective parishes who inquire of them if the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe must be considered a dogma of faith defined by Benedict XIV., or at least by the present Archbishops of Mexico, these priests saying that the difficulties raised by the Protestants on this point are causing great harm to the faithful, the Most Illustrious and Reverend Bishop makes the following reply:

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"'The Catholic Truth is as clear as noonday, and so should be its preaching and teaching to all believers. We desire and command that all our priests imitate the Apostle Paul in knowing only *Jesum Christum et hunc crucifixum* (1 Cor. 2, 2). Neither we nor any other Bishop, except the Roman Pontiff, can give definitions of faith. Benedict XIV. simply conceded, what was besought, that by the mediation of Our Lady of Guadalupe our prayers might be offered before the Throne of God, assigning also the proper offices; which act signifies only that such a service is pious and good, without saying anything in reference to a private belief. Therefore our priests must not confound a private faith in the apparition at Guadalupe with the sacred articles of Catholic faith, nor hesitate to say, when the circumstances call for it, that believers are not obliged to accept the apparition. Let them honor with solemn services the most holy Mother of God, under the national name of Guadalupe, as our Patron and Protector, but in their conversation and preaching, let them not speak of the apparition of Tepeyac.'"

This pastoral letter was called forth amid the general excitement aroused a year ago by the proposed temporary transfer of the Guadalupe painting to the Cathedral of Mexico. Archbishop Labastida desired to make extensive repairs in the Guadalupe church, and afterwards to restore the sacred figure to its beautified resting-place. He had a precedent for such action in the similar measures taken in 1836, when the painting of the Virgin was for a time in the convent of the Capuchins. But it was strongly suspected that the Archbishop was determined to give the great demonstrations, sure to be made on such an occasion, a political turn. It was feared that the scheme was a trump card of the reactionary party. Consequently, great opposition to the plan was manifested. Prominent Liberals petitioned the Government to prohibit the intended public procession, erection of triumphal arches, coronation of the Virgin, etc. What steps the Government took is not accurately known; but the Archbishop was, in some way, led to defer the solemnity, which had been fixed for the 31st of last December, until a time when, to use his own words found in the edict which he issued, "the public mind shall have calmed."

It only remains to add that the Bishop of Tamaulipas has been compelled to eat his own words. A second pastoral letter on the Guadalupe Virgin appeared under date of August 8, 1888. It runs as follows:

"His Excellency, Cardinal Monaco, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites of the Roman and Universal Inquisition, in an official note of July 9, just received, writes as follows: 'Their Excellencies, the Cardinals Inquisitors General, have severely condemned thy manner of conduct and speech in opposition to the miracle or the apparition of the Most Holy Virgin Mary of Guadalupe.' And inasmuch as we have never intended to separate ourselves by so much as a jot from the teaching and determinations of the Holy See, or of its worthy Tribunals or Congregations, we say to all those who may have read our writings, that we also severely condemn our manner of conduct and speech in opposition to the miracle or apparition of the Most Holy Virgin Mary of Guadalupe, and that we recall, annul, and disown all our writings in which anything may have appeared, express or implied, against the miracle or apparition of our Lady of Guadalupe."

THE *TIMES* COMMISSION.

DUBLIN, December 1, 1888.

THE *Times* Commission is dragging its slow length along. We are now at the twenty-second day, and seem little nearer the conclusion of the accuser's case than we were at first. As yet there has been none of that irrefragable proof we were led to expect of the direct connection of Mr. Parnell with the crimes of the last ten years in Ireland. The *Times* has now at its disposal all the accounts and proceedings of the National League, and all the Land League documents still existing. Still we hear nothing of consequence that the newspapers did not tell us long ago. It is, in fact, not individuals that are being tried, but a country in a state of revolution; and hitherto the evidence has rather gone to strengthen a case for that revolution. As an Irish statesman lately said in Parliament, we are now having laid before us in a concrete form the deplorable results of misgovernment in Ireland.

Until the establishment of the Land League, Ireland lay helplessly bound in the fetters of a land system that paralyzed her energies, and prevented real advance in civilization. Left to herself, or the force of her own public opinion, she would long ago gradually, and without what would have been felt to be loss to the landlords, have modified the social order to her own needs. No minority could continue to hold a majority to such a system; but Ireland was held down by the irresistible power of England, which at the same time was not influenced by her opinion. Nay, so great is the chasm in Ireland itself, resulting from the middle and upper classes being enabled to depend entirely on England, that they also, living beside or among the Irish people, were ignorant or careless regarding the land customs that were crushing the country. Go back as far as we like, and we find the same force at work—a hopeless, grinding increase of rent upon the tenants' own improvements. Inglis, the traveller, was a singularly acute observer and by no means sympathetic. When he travelled in Ireland in 1834, it was the same story all over the country—excessive rents repeatedly raised. Opening the book at random the other day, I came upon a passage where, in the County Wexford, he found the people making a brave struggle to live in a civilized manner: "I went into the house of a farmer owning forty acres when he and his family were about to begin dinner. It consisted of potatoes, buttermilk, sweet skimmed milk, barley bread and butter. The farm had been four generations in the farmer's family. His great-grandfather paid six shillings per acre, his grandfather ten shillings, his father one pound, and he paid two pounds." Ten years later we had the Devon Commission, with its terrible disclosures. But nothing was done. Checked for a time by the famine, the screwing up of rent continued. The landlords held that the tenants were entitled to only a bare subsistence. Efforts at decency and improvement were regarded as proofs that there was a margin upon which the rent could be increased. "You are not the kind of tenant we want," said an agent to a cousin of mine who remonstrated against a rise. "You, with your style of living, may not be able to live and pay: we want a different class of tenant, who will be satisfied to live humbly and pay more." I heard upon good authority of a farmer's rent being increased because, while taking a son to an English school, he had the misfortune to meet "the agent" on board the steamer. If he could afford to give his son English schooling, he could afford to pay a higher rent. Ireland was kept at starvation point, and in famine times had to beg round the world.

Lord Kenmare's agent, giving evidence a few days ago before the Commission regarding those Elysian pre-Land-League days, said that then he often knew the tenants to be "blue with hunger." They were "blue with hunger," and yet there was little outrage, and, as Mr. Gladstone has put it, like people in a beleaguered city, they blindly clutched, each man regardless of his neighbor, at the only means of support available. This was all only nine years ago: how was it that we in Ireland, not connected with the land, failed to perceive how impossible it was that such a state of things could be continued? Even those who had given their lives to the study of the question, had lost hope of a remedial settlement. Outraged humanity must in the end assert itself, and the explosion came. And it is really this explosion that the *Times* Commission is trying. So long as the people continued in mute and hopeless ignorance, regarding it as manifest destiny—that state of life to which Providence had called them, to be like sponges squeezed for the benefit of others—of course they were in the main quiet. In the main: from time to time and here and there, where oppression was worse than ordinary, took place acts of violence before which would pale most that have since then occurred. The moment those arose who unsparingly denounced the system and put their hand to its destruction; the moment a great organization was started to unite the tenants and work for reform, that moment it was inevitable that the flood-gates of the dammed-up indignation and realized sense of wrong and bitterness of generations should be opened, and we should have the ocean of horrors now being depicted. In the ferocity of the people too often evidenced (men even dancing around the blood of a murdered landlord) is shown, as in a mirror, the hatefulness of the system producing such results. Without a movement of like vehemence, reform was impossible; and, looking back at all that has since occurred, and all that has been accomplished, I for one marvel at the comparative bloodlessness and absence of suffering with which the change has been effected.

We have the extraordinary spectacle of the Law Courts in London trying the revolution, while all over Ireland the courts are busy utilizing it, and helping thousands, alike the poorest tenant and the families of chief justices, to wring from their landlords the benefits it has secured. If there were any sincere non-political belief in the unrighteousness of the land agitation as a whole, those who profess to disapprove ought not to share the advantages due to it.

So far, the revelations before the Commission have tended to strengthen and consolidate the Irish National party, and inspire it with greater confidence than ever in its leaders. The judges seem to be against Mr. Parnell and inclined to favor the *Times*. It is difficult otherwise to account for the admission of so much apparently irrelevant and redundant evidence. What will be their decision? If it be purely legal, if the circumstances of Ireland be ignored, the judges may easily, from their standpoint, conclude that there was a combination against the landlords, resulting in outrage, which the leaders failed to do their best to suppress. If it be a judgment on the reasonableness of and necessity for the movement, this will be largely influenced by the strength of the case for the defendants.

There is something cruel in the costs to which the latter are subjected. £23,000 have already been collected, almost entirely in Ireland. When all comes in from the States, Australia, and England, supposing we have £50,000, that will hardly be too much. This is a small sum compared to what is being spent in law expenses by the tenants through the litigation to which they are forced in Ireland before the commissions and courts to seek reductions in their rents. An effective, statesmanlike settlement of Irish affairs is being continually postponed, and we are plunged more and more deeply into a chaos of litigation, uncertainty, heart-burning, and demoralization, upon which batten an increas-

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ing number of lawyers and a widening circle of officialism. The *Times* has, besides practically boundless resources at its back, the whole force of the Government. This is an issue between the people of Ireland and a newspaper, in which the Executive might be expected at least to remain neutral; yet so used are we to our paid officials and Castle system of government being pitted against the people, that we are hardly struck by the entire Irish Executive being practically placed at the disposal of the *Times*. A small army of police and magistrates and persons in Government employment has been maintained in London upon full salaries for weeks, and will doubtless be renewed and maintained so long as there is a chance of dragging down the character of the people who pay them, and the representatives in whom that people trust.

Apart from the possible decision of the judges, it is difficult to say what will be the general effect of the proceedings of the Commission upon the British public. We should have little fear if they were fully reported in the papers; but editors generally omit those passages which tell against their own views; and even the *Times*, which was wont to report correctly, has not been altogether free from making slight alterations in its own favor. The reduction of the Conservative majority at the Holborn election on Thursday does not look as if the action of the *Times* was serving the Government, and there is something to show that the English people are getting tired of this eternal round of coercion and bickering. The abandonment of the Van and Wheel Tax and of the Irish Drainage Bills; the evident shock to the House of Commons at the attempt of an Irish police constable, by a ruse, to serve Mr. Sheehy, M. P., with a Crimes Act summons within the House itself; the small majority on Mr. Bradlaugh's motion regarding that unfortunate Mr. Moroney who, for refusing to be sworn in an inquiry into some plan of campaign proceedings, has been kept nearly two years in prison—these may be but straws in the wind, it would be possible to attach too much significance to them; nevertheless, in estimating the drift of British opinion, we cannot put them out of consideration.

Besides the Commission, there is not much to remark upon here at present. Agrarian crime has perhaps diminished, but everything is pervaded by the canker of coercion, distrust, hatred, and unsettlement. One of the latest efforts of the dominant party to extend peace and good will through Ireland is advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers from one of the chief land-agent firms of numerous farms to be let—"Protestants only need apply." The opposition of the Parnell and Liberal parties to a further grant of £5,000,000 for the extension of peasant proprietary under Lord Ashborne's Act rests mainly upon political grounds and questions of general expediency. Were it not so strongly advocated and urged by Mr. Smith and Mr. Balfour, it would have the approval of some who now, at least, stand neutral in the discussion. D. B.

A BAVARIAN PEASANT PLAY.

LEIPZIG, November 19, 1888.

IT is with a fine touch of traditional contempt that we Anglo-Saxons are wont to accord to the Frenchman a superiority over ourselves in the pleasant art of acting. Like George Eliot's "Mr. Craig," we have "heard tell" that one Briton can lick ten Frenchmen, and we would not willingly deprive such feeble creatures of any inferior advantage that nature may have bestowed upon them. With respect to the Germans, however, the case is different. They enjoy somewhat the same physical advantages as ourselves, they have no reputation for the *spirituel*; and yet, with them also, we are compelled, I think, to the same admission. American acting is, as a rule, better than British; but such players as can be heard in almost any small German city are not to be found in America outside of two theatres in New York, nor in all England away from Mr. Irving's establishment in the Strand. Nor is acting the only point in connection with the theatre upon which we of the Anglo-Saxon race are open to the accusation of inferiority. If I were attempting an article upon the "present condition of the stage" (which Heaven forbid! the topic has been overdone) I should find it instructive to note that here in Germany the plays of Shakspere are repeated at least five times for every once they are given in England, and, making due allowance for the representations of wandering stars, twice as often as they are performed in America. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and the other native dramatists are as frequently, but no more so, before the eye of the public; and the small street-boy, for the equivalent of five cents, can hear the masterpieces of his country's literature performed by competent actors. Perhaps the roseate view of the German stage that this calls up will be clouded for some when I add, as devotion to historical accuracy compels me to do, that Offenbachian opéra bouffe, long since dead in its native land, still flourishes here, and may be heard at a slightly increased cost of admission. The correct principle of political economy here displayed, in taxing a luxury higher than a necessity of life, will have to be counted in excuse of the performance.

But the German stage does not run all to classical drama, any more than it does entirely to free-and-easy opéra bouffe; and it is in the middle ground lying between these two extremes that one must dig, if he is seeking something novel and representative to talk about. Most modern German plays which occupy the largest acre in this middle ground, share with most modern German novels a common defect—they are distinguished for nothing in particular. The best one can say for them is that they are pleasing, and the worst, that they are apt to be sentimental. But if few will be found to claim for them any striking originality, there will be still fewer willing to deny that they testify to a healthier state of public taste than do the wretched burlesques and idiotic extravaganzas that appear to fill most English and American theatres. The extravaganza could never succeed in Germany: its flimsiness of structure is too fatally at variance with the national appetite for solidity—in amusement as well as in other things.

If, however, it is still the mission of the stage to depict more or less faithfully, according as it is able, the manners and customs of the day, then we may be grateful for a class of plays that exists in Germany, and for one company, at least, in whose behalf it may be claimed that they in great measure fulfil this lofty purpose. They concern themselves, indeed, with only one class of people—the peasants; but as this class is a very numerous one, and as its present customs are likely, in common with all other customs not conforming to the standard set for all by this great century of democracy, soon to disappear, one need not so much regret this limitation. Indeed, the limitation is essential when one comes to consider that these plays, in order to be true to the life, must be spoken in dialect, and that it is not easy to find actors equally at home in the language of the field and mountain and that of the drawing room. It was my good fortune, a few weeks ago, to see one of these plays performed by the company to which I have alluded—an admirable organization of actors, whose home is in Munich, but who spend most of their time in travelling from city to city. The name of the play was "The Crucifix-Carver of Ammergau," and the scene was laid, as in all the other plays of the troupe, among the peasants of Upper Bavaria. The story told was a simple one, containing, however, incident enough to prevent the action from ever flagging, and plot enough to bar any accusation of its having been written merely as a setting for some pretty dancing and singing. Nothing is made to occur that could not very well take place among the simple mountaineers with whom the play is concerned; and, if we except the fact that geniuses, among painters as among peasants, are becoming rare nowadays, none of the personages display qualities above their station.

The first scene, which takes place in the public room of the inn at Ammergau, introduces us to all the principal characters of the little drama. The landlord, who has just been chosen burgermeister, is receiving the congratulations of his fellow-townsmen. His foster-daughter *Loni*, and an incorrigible peasant-girl employed as her assistant in the kitchen, are serving the guests with beer. On the stove in the corner is seated an old man, of ragged and unshorn appearance, who cuts splinters from a bit of wood, and contributes, from time to time, chips of wisdom to the conversation. He and *Loni* appear to be great friends, and the young girl, who has all the country robustness of body and roughness of speech, treats him with a tenderness that she shows for no one else. Among the landlord's visitors are *Trandl*, an old woman with a great deal to say for herself, and her son *Pauli*, who brings with him a crucifix that he has just finished carving on an order from the innkeeper. The crucifix is much admired, and while it is being exhibited, *Fritz Baumeister*, an artist who spends his summers in the village to paint the scenery there, comes in and declares it to be the work of a genius. *Baumeister* offers to take *Pauli* to the city with him to study; but the lad is in love with *Loni*, and, although she has nothing but hard words in return for his patient devotion, he cannot make up his mind to go away and give her up.

While the artist is talking to *Pauli*, *Loni* is the subject of a conversation between the new burgermeister and one of his neighbors, who asks the girl's hand for his son *Muckl*. The match is considered a very desirable one for *Loni*, who is only a foundling left at the door of the inn when a small baby. But the girl, advised by *Lehnl*, the old man on the stove, and following her own inclinations as well, declines *Muckl*, a self-assured, blustering fellow, after first making fun of him, and the landlord refuses to compel her against her will. *Muckl* himself comes in in time to hear of his defeat, and he carries it off with an assumption of raillery that only partially conceals his chagrin.

The next scene shows the cow-keeper's hut on the hillside, where *Loni* sleeps alone in order to lead the cattle early to pasture. A young girl, or *Deandl* (the peasant word for *Mädchen*), is yodling, as *Loni* and old *Lehnl* come up the hill. *Pauli* and the artist come down from the mountain, where they have been painting all day, and some of the villagers, among them a half-witted boy who is always asking for a present from every one he meets, pass by on their way home from work and exchange greetings. When all the others have gone,

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Lehnl remains to talk to *Loni* about *Pauli*, whom he wishes her to marry. The better to persuade her, he reminds her of her lonely position in the world, and this leads her to reproach her parents for having, as she thinks, heartlessly abandoned her. The old man tells her that she cannot divine her parents' motives, and he speaks with so much passion of the nature of parental affection that she guesses a part of his secret, and he is obliged to confess that he once had a child, whom misery and want and the death of his wife had compelled him to abandon. Of course, the audience at once understands that *Loni* is this child, but he does not tell her so, and she goes into the cabin, while he disappears in the wood close by. As soon as both have disappeared, *Muckl* comes on the scene and creeps stealthily towards the hut. Unfortunately for his ends, he overturns something on the bench in front of the door, and the noise of the fall brings old *Lehnl*, who has not gone far, back to the hut. *Muckl* tries to escape without being seen, but as the old man is in the way, he gives him a push that causes him to fall over backwards and strike his head against a sharp stone. The sight of blood alarms *Muckl*, and as he hears footsteps approaching, he conceals himself in the woods, from which he sees *Pauli* emerging. *Pauli* comes to *Lehnl's* rescue, and bathes his wound with water from the spring near by. The old man, who thinks he is going to die, speaks of *Loni* as his child, and *Pauli* promises not to betray his secret. *Muckl*, who has heard it all, escapes, and *Pauli* takes *Lehnl* to his own cottage.

At the beginning of the third act, we are introduced to the official appointed by the village to assume charge of all the wedding arrangements for the year. He it is who announces the matches, delivers the invitations, engages the band, and draws lots to see who shall be partners in the dance. When there has been no *Verlobung*, or engagement ceremony, for a long time, he takes it upon himself, in order that his administration may not be discredited, to provide one, and assists young people to make up their minds and come to an understanding. He is a jolly old man, profusely decorated with colored ribbons, and has a series of jokes, of the order we eloquently describe as "gags," all written out beforehand for use on the festal occasion. The scene represents one of these occasions, when several young couples have been betrothed, and the whole village is gathered to dance and drink to their honor and future bliss. Each village character is called out in turn to hear what the Master of Ceremonies has to say about him, and to be laughed at by his comrades. The jokes relate, for the most part, to his personal appearance, and are not, as a rule, witty enough to bear repetition. Before the lots are drawn for partners in the dance, *Muckl*, who has thought of a plan to conceal his part in the affair of the previous evening, persuades the Master of Ceremonies to put the names of *Pauli* and *Loni* together on one of the slips of paper. The old official has long had his eye on this pair, and he readily consents.

When the announcement is made, *Loni* is very angry, and declares that she will not dance with *Pauli*, whose fashion of quiet, long-suffering love-making has greatly exasperated her. All the peasants cry out at her refusal, and tell her that the lot is the will of God. *Loni* is obstinate, however, and then *Muckl* comes forward and impertinently asks her why she keeps up such a pretence when the whole village knows that she is going to marry *Pauli*. *Loni* declares that this is a lie, and then the coward asks her, in the hearing of all the others, what *Pauli* was doing the evening before on the hill by the cowherd's hut. The poor girl grows crimson with shame at the insinuation, and is angrier with *Pauli* for having given occasion for such a reflection on her character than she is with *Muckl* for making it. Just then the young crucifix-carver, who has heard of his good luck at old *Lehnl's* bedside, runs in to claim his partner in the dance. *Loni* turns upon him furiously, and slaps his face in the presence of the assembled villagers. *Pauli* stands for a moment dazed by the blow; then he realizes who it is that has done him the harm, and tells *Muckl* that he will know how to punish him. As for *Loni*, he tells her that she shall dance that dance with him, and after that he will never speak to her again. With his strong arm he lifts the girl bodily off the floor, and sets her down at the other end of the room. Then he rushes out, leaving *Loni* to bear the gaze of all the eyes turned upon her, and the curtain falls. As he is an excellent actor, it is only fair to observe that he has a chance to return two minutes afterwards and bow his thanks to the audience. *Loni* on this occasion comes forward with him, and they both smile and appear very happy. You see, this is an absurdity common to peasant plays and Shaksperian tragedy.

In the next act there is a session of the Common Council of Ammergau at the inn, and an excited dialogue is carried on between the burgermeister and the next leading citizen. No one else is given a chance to speak, and one member slumbers peacefully until somebody mentions refreshment, when he wakes up, and declares that he must clear his throat with a little beer. Some time is supposed to have elapsed since the scenes of the last act, and *Baumeister*, the artist, is anxious to return to the city. He wishes, however, to take *Pauli* with him, and as he has tried in vain all other means to get the young man to consent to go, he determines at last to make *Loni* speak to him. The girl demurs at first, but when she understands how important it is for *Pauli's* future, she reluctantly consents. Then follows an amusing scene between the two young people. *Loni* has had time, since *Pauli* has ceased to come near her, to find out that she loves him. She begins now by asking him to go away, because it is for his own good, and because his presence in the village is embarrassing to her. *Pauli* is naturally very angry, but he replies that he will go because the place has become hateful to him. Then *Loni* discovers that she has brought about just what she does not want to have happen. In despair, she suddenly bethinks herself of his old mother, and tells him, with as much show of sincerity as she can command, that he ought not to leave her. This is very transparent, *Pauli's* mother being abundantly able to take care of herself, and the young man is somewhat mystified. *Loni*, however, takes courage to beg him to shake hands with her; and once their hands have touched, explanations follow quickly, and the question of *Pauli's* departure is indefinitely postponed. The play might well come to an end with this scene of mutual understanding, but another act is taken to explain old *Lehnl's* relations to the newly-betrothed pair. The old man, who is now recovered from his wound, will not hear of remaining to humble his daughter in the eyes of the village by declaring himself to be her father. He wishes to go away, and holds *Pauli* to his promise not to tell *Loni* his secret. While they are arguing about it, *Loni*, who has learned the truth from *Muckl*, steals up behind them and embraces *Lehnl*, claiming him as her father. After this, there are no more intricacies to be unravelled, and the curtain falls on the usual picture of felicity.

This is the story, and there remains to be said only a word or two about the characters. Some of them are very amusing, and have evidently been studied in their setting. First, there is the half-witted boy *Loisl*, to whom something desperate is always happening, and who pervades the play with his cry of "'Schenk mir etwas!" (Make me a present of something.) A long, bony lad, with a curious peaked face, always holding out a hand for something to be dropped into it—he would be a striking figure on the canvas of any painter. Then there is *Resl*, the kitchen-maid at the inn. (The similarity of masculine and feminine proper names among German peasants is constantly misleading.) *Resl* is one of the sulky sort of *Dienstmädchen* that look daggers at you whenever you express a desire, and are animated on all occasions by a spirit of obstinacy that is simply mulish. For instance, *Resl* comes in with her broom, and insists upon sweeping the floor upon which the company has assembled to dance. Even after the dance has begun, she pursues her intention, and is not satisfied until she has caused the burgermeister to trip and nearly fall to the ground. As a specimen of the loquacious old peasant woman, superstitious and a gossip, *Pauli's* mother, the *Lohner-Trandl*, as she is called, is a character very well drawn. Losing her temper, with her prayer-book in her hand, she bangs it against the table to enforce her words, and then, remembering what book it is, she lifts it up and kisses it passionately, in hopes of soothing its injured feelings. *Pauli* himself is of course somewhat idealized, as a stage hero must be; but *Muckl*, his rival, is an excellent example of the ease-loving, swaggering peasant, good-natured, and at bottom good-hearted, but liable to be carried away by his passions, and capable of any meanness to protect himself from the consequences. *Lehnl*, the old pedler, belongs to the class of general dramatic conceptions rather than to that of particular types, but it is noteworthy that he is represented with no qualities above his class. The landlord, the master of marriage ceremonies, the village teacher, and the artist are all characters sketched with care enough to take their places in the background of a canvas by Defregger.

J. K. P.

Correspondence.

INDIFFERENCE TO CORRUPTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The discussion invoked by the lavish and effective use of money in the late election has so far been characterized by a lassitude of expression which bodes ill for the immediate correction of the evil. It may be pleasant enough to attribute this coolness in the presence of a danger which menaces the perpetuity of our institutions to an ignorance of it, or to the usual reluctance of the defeated to confess before the victor to the pangs of defeat. But there is noticeable about the whole discussion a want of hopefulness which is not accounted for by either of these explanations. Is it because people do not grow indignant over what they think to be hopeless, or remote of remedy; or, worse still, because they are indifferent to it? Certain it is that we hear nowhere a voice full of that burning indignation which stirs masses of men to remedial action.

I believe the true explanation to be that thoughtful men see in the appearance of Mr.

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Wanamaker and his like in our national politics the symptom, not of a temporary evil, but of one inherent in free government, the remedy for which is not the makeshift of legislation, but the slow growth of an intelligent civic virtue. Where men have come to worship wealth, as they have in this country, they learn to hold their freedom as their property, but without the obligations of property; and there will always be found those who will sell their freedom, and ambitious rich men to buy it. What sort of rich men these are who find in the ignorance and corruption of voters a way to gratify their detestable ambitions, we all know. Wanamaker is only a type of them, long ago described by Ben Jonson in his "Magnetic Lady," where Sir Moth, enumerating the manifold uses of wealth, says:

> "Wealth gives a man the leading voice
> In all conventions, and displaceth worth,
> With general allowance to all parties.
> It makes a *trade* to take the wall of virtue,
> And *the mere issue of a shop* right honorable."

Was Ben Jonson a prophet? Did he see "the mere issue of a shop" in years to come assume the shape of a Cabinet officer of "the greatest nation on earth"?

Respectfully, ROGER W. CULL.

BALTIMORE, December 7, 1888.

THE BASIS OF AN INVESTIGATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Before it is too late to collect the evidence, would it not be a good plan to start a preliminary investigation into the use of money at the last national election, especially in New York? The report of this investigation could be made the basis of a well-signed petition to Congress, such as could not be ignored, asking for a committee of inquiry, with full powers to summon witnesses and compel the production of documents.

The testimony of the committees of both parties, the accounts of the banks where they made their deposits, and the examination of some of the business men who raised money, and of the John J. O'Briens and Barney Biglins who received it, would, it seems to me, arouse the public conscience.

The preliminary investigation would require funds, and I am encouraged to believe that the necessary amount can be raised if a subscription is properly started. Would not your paper undertake the charge of the preliminary investigation and the request for funds?

Could there be any better work for reform just now than this?—Yours truly,

R. H. DANA.

BOSTON, December 7, 1888.

THE CHOICE OF ELECTORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of the *Nation* your correspondent "H." suggests a Constitutional amendment for choice of Presidential electors by Congressional districts, instead of, as at present, by whole States.

This amendment was highly recommended in an article in the *North American Review* for January, 1877 (vol. 124, 1) by the late Richard H. Dana, jr., and it seems to have no small advantages over any other plan. Up to the present, this reform has not received the attention it appears to deserve, and one objection to it seems to have been that, if carried out, it would have worked to the disadvantage of one party or the other. Just now, however, seems to be a peculiarly favorable time for urging the change. We have seen the evils of confining the contest for President to a few large doubtful States, as in the last election, under the present system; and to-day the Congressional districts are nearly evenly divided between the parties, and also the majority of electors, if chosen by districts, would be on the same side as if chosen by States.

Yours truly, D.

BOSTON, December 8, 1888.

REFORM IN ELECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The readers of the *Nation* will probably be interested to hear of another successful experiment in municipal reform. The last Legislature passed a bill applying to elections in the city of Louisville the principles that have been repeatedly advocated in your columns, and the measure received its first thorough trial last Tuesday. The law provides that the ballots be printed by the city and arranged in the form of a stub-book. The voter's name, after having been verified on the registration books, is recorded on the stub from which the ballot is torn. The ballot is then indorsed by the clerk and handed to the voter. The latter retires to an apartment where he is completely hidden from view, indicates by a cross the candidates of his choice, and places the ballot (folded) in an envelope, which is then deposited in a sealed box. No one, except the officers of the election and a representative of each candidate, is permitted within fifty feet of the polls; nor is there any possibility that any one of these can know how the ballot has been cast except in the case of blind voters.

The law, though apparently intricate, is, as the above sketch will show, really very simple, and it worked admirably. The election of last Tuesday was the first municipal election I have ever known which was not bought outright. As a matter of fact, no attempts at bribery were made, and a few comparatively unimportant infringements of the law will be severely handled.

A law of this kind does more, however, than prevent bribery: it prevents in the first place, intimidation, which is all the more galling because it is felt by those whose dearer interests will not allow them to record their honest convictions. How far motives of this kind have in the past led to results which do not represent the wishes of the voters themselves, there is, of course, no means of telling. It is cowardly, to be sure, to yield to such considerations; but it can never be prevented by any denunciation, however severe. The law now in operation, by removing all witness of a voter's action, makes intimidation of any kind impossible.

In the second place, the election proved that when the market for the floating vote is cut off, voters of this character become altogether indifferent to their privilege of suffrage. The bill creates a precinct for every 350 regularly registered voters, and in the precinct where I vote I suppose there are between fifty and a hundred colored voters, and perhaps more; yet I was informed by a friend who was representing a candidate at the polls that up to three in the afternoon only three negroes had voted. It will be evident at a glance how much this fact can accomplish, not only towards making the intelligent vote effective, but also towards bringing it out in full strength. The danger of their being outvoted by hirelings once removed, the opportunity of making their influence felt is again extended to the better classes.

But no reform, however salutary, can be secured except at the price of constant vigilance, and, for the benefit of those interested, I will detail a scheme by which it is proposed in the future to restore to the purchasable element its former power. It is arranged that some early voter shall, instead of enclosing his ballot in the envelope provided, deposit an empty envelope, or one containing a blank slip of paper. This ballot, filled now by some one on the outside, is to be handed to a hireling with instructions to place it in the envelope and bring back the ballot which he receives from the clerk; and this blank ballot, when handed to the bummer without, will witness that he has fulfilled his contract and entitle him to his due reward.

The plan seems plausible enough, though it will require considerable astuteness in the manager, and rather more intelligence in the purchased voter than that unsavory individual is ordinarily endowed with. A single break in the chain would necessitate a new start; and a traitor would possess unimpeachable evidence of the whole plot. Still, a change has been suggested which would reduce to nothing even this chance for fraud. The envelope can be dispensed with; and, with a little mucilage, the ballot may be folded and sealed. This, of course, would prevent all fraud by interfering with the original operation. F.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 8, 1888.

THE ST. LOUIS CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers are so accustomed to see that the *Nation* bases its opinions and conclusions only on correct and proved premises, that those of us in this city who value its great influence for good were greatly astonished at the articles in your issues of November 21 and 28, in which you ascribe the large Republican majority for Governor at the last election here solely to the saloon influence.

Of the saloon in politics, we, alas! all know; but we also know, and we need only to point to your columns for the assertion, that the saloon is for itself first and all, and next only for that party, be it Democratic or Republican, which holds its caucuses or primaries there, spends most money, and pays most liberally for helping to run the Machine. Granted that the German beer-saloon is more sought after, on the average, by Republican statesmen, it must be equally granted that the Irish-American whiskey saloon is the arena where the Democratic Machine men fight their most effective battles. To contend that at that election the Democratic workers attained such a degree of moral purity as to keep aloof disdainfully from all saloons is, to say the least, a delusion.

Per contra, it is well known here that the most powerful liquor interest in this city, the brewers', employing and influencing, directly and indirectly, thousands of voters, exerted itself to the utmost, openly and earnestly, in favor of Francis, the Democratic candidate for Governor. It is whispered that they did this in return for Francis's assurance that prohibition, which is being strongly agitated in the State, will find no favor from him as Governor. Be that as it may, that fact would seem to eliminate the beer-saloons as the "only factors" that brought about the Democratic defeat.

As to the Sunday liquor law, the alleged enforcement of which you say was resented by the united saloon influence against Francis, you are greatly misinformed. That law took effect only a few months ago. It was enacted over thirty years ago, but had been treated, under an old police justice's decision which nobody had contested, as a dead letter by every city administration, Mr. Francis's included. A Prohibitionist unearthed it, made a test case, and brought it up to the Supreme Court, which

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affirmed its legality and ordered its enforcement, with which latter Francis had nothing to do, inasmuch as that lies with the Police Commissioners, to whom the mandate of the court was directed.

The *Nation* undoubtedly took its information from the columns of the St. Louis *Republic*, an ably conducted Democratic paper, whose energetic, though sensational, warfare against the slums and political saloons has the approbation of all decent men of both parties. But the purity of purpose of that paper is slightly tarnished by the fact that it had nothing to say on that subject until after the election and after the defeat of its party. As Goethe says: "Man merkt die Absicht und man wird verstimmt," or, badly translated, One divines the purpose and gets out of humor with it.

The signal defeat of the Democrats can be easily explained, though it must be confessed that the most ardent Independent did not hope for such a crushing verdict against the dominant party. The forces that were at work to bring about this result were many; but foremost of all of them was the growing disgust and bitterness, by leading citizens of all parties, against a low, corrupt Democratic ring in this city, the like of which, in brazenness, venality, and open defiance of every moral standard in politics, cannot be exceeded by its prototypes in New York and Baltimore, whom the *Nation* has so often and so effectively pilloried in burning words. This ring controls all primaries, barters offices, and invites the highest bidder for nomination to municipal, judicial, and Congressional positions. Its leader and "boss" is a low, vulgar, and ignorant blacksmith, to whom Governor, Mayor, Aldermen, nay, even Judges, bow and scrape, whom they address as "Colonel," with whom they shake hands—most of them would want to wash them afterwards—and whom none would hire as a porter.

Of the existence of this ring all decent Democrats are intensely aware and intensely ashamed; and two years ago, when the Congressional elections revealed the most astounding registration frauds, a committee of leading citizens, with Democrats in the majority, met and determined to investigate them and to bring the perpetrators to justice. Funds were subscribed, the best legal talent engaged, the frauds were ferreted out, and submitted to the Federal Grand Jury, ending in the indictment of forty or more "workers," and in the trial, conviction, and sentencing of most of them—the prosecuting United States District Attorney being a Democrat. At the investigation of these frauds, and in the course of the contest by Mr. Frank, the then Republican candidate for Congress, and by Mr. Kline, candidate for a judgeship, it was proved on actual count of the ballots that, irrespective of the fraudulent registry votes, these gentlemen were elected by absolute majorities. After two years' useless wrestle in the courts and before the Congressional Committee, each abandoned the contest in disgust. Both of them were elected this year to the same positions by sweeping majorities.

The registration officer under whom these frauds were committed was promptly discharged by the then Governor, and a new officer appointed, a highly respected, honest, and fearless man, against whom, though an old Democrat and ex-Confederate, the ring levelled its most venomous shafts, denouncing him as a renegade because he would insist on executing the registration laws in an honest way. He resisted successfully; and this time, at least, all decent citizens were assured that the registry books did not contain names of dead men nor copies of hotel and boarding-house registers.

That the Independent vote was the largest factor in this result is shown by the simple fact that Cleveland received in this city two thousand votes more than Francis, clearly indicating that two thousand Democrats, sick of the ring, voted with the Republicans. The Democratic nominee for Public Administrator, who had filled that office with great credit for the last two years, received, though on the same ticket with Francis, six thousand votes more than the latter—surely showing an independent appreciation of a good officer, which had nothing to do with saloon influence.

The fact is, that the conviction had grown silently in this community that the too long continued power of one party had led to its corruption, as it always does, to the absolute and arbitrary rule by ringsters, Machine men, and bosses, who had tried bills of prices on all nominations from highest to lowest, on laws to be enacted, and on franchises that were asked for. That this conviction was deep-seated, and extended over a larger circle of earnest Democrats than anybody had any idea of, is shown by the result. The saloon is bad enough, but it is seen and operates in the glaring gas-light: the rings and Machines are worse, because they are not seen, and operate in the dark. A. U.

St. Louis, December 8, 1888.

NASHVILLE AND MEMPHIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of November 22, in your criticism of Phelan's 'History of Tennessee,' you state that "it is to this railroad (Memphis and Charleston) that Memphis, the commercial capital of Tennessee, owes much of her wealth."

Outside of her large receipts of cotton, one cannot see why Memphis should be called the commercial capital of this State, and I venture to call your attention to a few statistics from the latest sources obtainable. Memphis is in Shelby County, Nashville in Davidson; and only figures for the counties can be had.

	Shelby.	Davidson.
Merchants' state tax, 1886,	$18,145.33	$29,445.91
Personal property assessed, 1888	3,395,621.00	13,868,947.00
Manufactured products (Census 1880)	4,759,091.00	9,385,211.00
Banking capital and surplus (1888, R. G. Dun & Co.)	3,600,000.00	4,500,000.00

The merchants' tax given is taken from the last Comptroller's Report; and the tax is levied on statements made under oath by the merchants as to the amount of capital used in their business. Subscriber.

Nashville, December 3, 1888.

Notes.

Harper & Bros. publish this week Mr. Howells's new novel, 'Annie Kilburn,' and Walter Besant's 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' in the library edition of this author's works.

The signs of a broadening of the French literary horizon are visible on all sides, but perhaps none is more obvious than the recent announcement of a complete translation into French of Marlowe's plays, with a preface by M. Jean Richepin, who is himself sometimes a maker of mighty lines.

M. Alphonse Lemerre, the publisher of most contemporary French poets, has formed an alliance with M. Guillaume, who devised the decorations of 'Tartarin sur les Alpes,' to issue a new series of illustrated novels, to begin with M. Daudet's 'Les Femmes d'Artiste' and MM. de Goncourt's 'Sœur Philomène,' and to include later M. Bourget's 'Mensonges.' This "Collection Guillaume-Lemerre" will cost only four francs a volume.

The fifth volume of 'Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography,' ending with Sumter, has just reached us. The sixth, and last, with analytical index and supplement, is promised in January, when we can speak of the completed work further than the saying here that, both in virtue of its extent and of its fresh appearance, it supersedes everything of the kind, and is indispensable for reference.

'Irish Pictures,' by Richard Lovett, M.A., is one of the best we have seen of the series of "Pictures of Different Countries" published by the Religious Tract Society and by Nelson & Sons, New York. The views are, for the most part, true to nature and to the spirit of the scenery, and the letterpress is written in a kindly, fresh, and appreciative spirit. A good balance is preserved throughout the work. The illustrations of ancient Irish art and architecture are, in spite of too dark a shade over many of them, interesting. The volume is fit to take its place on the shelves of any collection of books relating to Ireland, and will, we are sure, have a large sale, both as a souvenir to those who have visited the localities referred to, and as a book of reference to those who are anxious to have some idea in their mind's eye of places they read and hear of. Double the price of the book spent on photographs would not give as true an idea of the country. The delineations of west-coast and southern scenery are peculiarly true and impressive.

The little volumes of "Cassell's National Library" multiply apace, some of the latest being Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet" and "Taming of the Shrew," Spenser's 'Complaints,' Southey's 'Curse of Kehama,' more of Plutarch's Lives, Carlyle's Essays on Burns and Scott, Sir William Petty's Essays on Mankind and in Political Arithmetic, and Defoe's 'From London to Land's End.'

English readers have at last obtained access to Schopenhauer's "Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason" and his essay on "The Will in Nature" ('Two Essays.' Scribner & Welford.) It would have been much better to omit the latter and to have included the essay on the "Basis of Morals," as this essay has not yet been given to the English public, while the substance of "The Will in Nature" was incorporated in the greater work already translated. Unfortunately, also, scholars must approach the translation with some mistrust, for the reason that it is Bohn's publication, and the translator's name does not appear. Comparison with the original text shows the usual mistranslations: *ja* is translated by "as well as"; *vollends* by "let alone"; "time-server" misses all the force of *Ministerkreatur* as applied to Hegel. These are only samples. Besides, the translation is too literal to give any adequate conception of Schopenhauer's literary style.

The railroad articles in vols. iii. and iv. of *Scribner's Magazine*, now lying bound before us, are quite the feature of the year, in point of interest either of text or of illustrations. They are the work of several hands, recognized experts, and render the useful service of making that which is familiar, but little comprehended, both intelligible and impressive. Doubtless, they will some day be made into a book. Mr. Kobbé's "Behind the Scenes of an Opera-House" is in the same class. Next come the personal memoirs and reminiscences, as, of Lester Wallack, Hugh McCulloch, and Gen. Sheridan. Mr. Wilson's papers on the Egyptian pyramids and temples satisfy the curiosi-

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ty of the tourist and the scholar. Science is cared for in Prof. Young's account of the eclipse expedition to Russia, and in Prof. Shaler's "Rivers and Valleys"; the musical art in Mr. Apthorp's editing of Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles; history in Mr. Roper's Waterloo; and belles-lettres in Mrs. Fields's "Shelf of Old Books." We are far from exhausting the solid worth of the table of contents; but we have done our duty by the magazine from month to month.

The Christmas numbers of *Paris Illustré* and of *Figaro Illustré* (International News Co.) are resplendent in gold and color—the latter, as costing more, offering more, both in the way of text and of pictures; the former (with its condescension to the nursery) being more in key with the season. Both are in English, and both have pieces of music. The most striking literary feature in either is "The Garden of Terror" (*Figaro*), an awful vista of the possibilities of tyranny and ferocity in Russian serfdom, vouched for as true by the writer, M. Eugène Melchior de Vogüé. There is a touch of the *ben trovato* in the clerk's droning over the cataleptic master—"I shall rise; I shall overtake those who offend me; I shall reduce them to dust," at the very moment when the brute revives, and orders to the gallows his victims who had been insulting his supposed dead body.

A clever short story, "La Belle Américaine" (a Philadelphian, if we may hazard the conjecture suggested by her name), ushers in the Christmas number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan.) It is from the practised hand of W. E. Norris, and can be enjoyed by everybody. He calls the heroine Sally that he may remark, "In England the diminutive Sally has a distinctly plebeian ring; . . . one doesn't make use of it in addressing any of one's relations who may have been afflicted by cruel parents with the name of Sarah." Mr. Norris is quite right in intimating that this prejudice does not extend to America. In other respects the number is noticeable chiefly for its increased store of illustrations.

A writer, M. G. de Léris, in *L'Art* for October 1, takes note of the proposed "Congrès général des femmes, national et international, pour l'Exposition Universelle du Centenaire en 1889," having in view a Federation of Women to offset the Federation of Men in 1789. This leads him to furnish a topic for the debates of the Congress, viz.: Why are women not admitted to membership in the Académie des Beaux-Arts, whereas from 1673 to 1783 they were admitted—if rarely and at last grudgingly—to the Académie de Peinture, which was abolished in 1791 to make way for the present institution? M. de Léris does not discuss the question himself, but he makes a valuable historic investigation into the number and personality of the *académiciennes*, of whom the last, the most prolific in art works, and perhaps the greatest of all, was Mme. Vigée-Le Brun. His biographical discoveries are set forth in a very interesting manner, with the aid of portraits in the case of seven, including the earliest and the latest. There is material here for a more extensive monograph, in which copies of the extant works of the women celebrated should figure.

Another, the fifth, conversation on "Book Illustration" enlivens the *Portfolio* for October. It nominally relates to the effect of fashion, but in its discursiveness it covers a good deal of ground very suggestively. The dying out of the school of English landscape engraving is deplored, and that of etching would be predicted if it required any apprenticeship like steel engraving. Wood engraving will hold its own, says Mr. Hamerton, by virtue of its convenience in multiplying impressions—and for higher reasons, we will add. "The Critic," in this symposium, has a little dig at William Morris's socialism—this caterer to the luxurious adornment of homes setting himself "in favor of art as against luxury," and "contrasting the two as if they were opposed."

Prang & Co. send us their customary samples of Christmas and New Year cards and tokens, among which scent-bags and booklets are included. The proportion of flower subjects seems small, and something might be said in praise of this, seeing that meadow flowers at least—violets, clover, buttercups, and the like—have no natural association with the Christmas season; neither can we consider as in place these representations of "eternal spring" and "glorious autumn." Of all the designs we like best the calenders—one in pocket-book shape; another a card having a slot in the middle, through which shows the calendar printed on a silk ribbon that can be drawn to right and left, etc.

The first of the more pretentious calendars to reach us is the "Life of Christ Calendar" published by White & Allen. The dozen sheets bound by a silken cord have each a fairly decorative color design surrounding the monthly card; but, somewhat singularly, though the beginning is with the birth of the Saviour, the chronological sequence is not kept up either for the life or for the year. An opportunity like that of the cursing of the barren fig-tree, for symbolizing the season, is quite neglected. From Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, we have "The Musician's Calendar"—the customary card background and pad, which Prof. Frank E. Morse has edited with exceptional skill, employing good selections in prose and verse, and noting the dates of birth and death of the chief composers. The musical-minded will find this much to their taste.

The first game of the season that has been sent in to us is one called "Chivalry," combining elements of both chess and checkers (Salem: George S. Parker & Co.). The publishers will not hear of anything but chess being superior to it among board games, and they adduce confirmatory opinions from chess-players. Without attempting to test this judgment, we think we can pronounce "Chivalry" easy to learn, ingeniously novel, and likely to captivate.

Mr. F. G. Adams, Secretary of the Kansas Historical Society, and Prof. W. H. Carruth, have thought the acquirement of municipal suffrage by women in their State worthy of commemoration. Their pamphlet, 'Woman Suffrage in Kansas: An Account of the Municipal Elections in Kansas in 1887, as Told by the Newspapers of the State' (Topeka: Geo. W. Crane Publishing Co), is an orderly digest of the press comments before and after the elections, as to which we remark that the Republican papers were generally favorable or respectful, the Democratic generally (but not always) the reverse. An introduction to this body of extracts gives a brief but lucid review of the steps leading up to the partial victory of the suffragists, which they owe to their alliance with the Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1886. The story is instructive, and this pamphlet is certain to have a permanent value for students of our political development. The compilation is in excellent taste. In 1888 the vote cast by women was 31 per cent. of the male vote; in 1887, 37. But there seems to be a difficulty in ascertaining the returns, and the two elections were not of equal interest *per se*.

No. 137 of the *Zeitschrift* of the Berlin Geographical Society furnishes a large geognostic map of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, in the State of Magdalena, Colombia, with four profiles.

—In the inaugural lecture of Professor Maitland, whose accession to the chair of Downing Professor of the Laws of England, at the English Cambridge, we mentioned lately, he deals with the question "Why the History of English Law is not Written." The reason for this is not found in any lack of material; the English lawyer may know "that within a quarter of a mile of the chambers in which he sits lies the most glorious store of material for legal history that has ever been collected in one place, and it is free to all, like the air and the sunlight."

"Next year will see the seven hundredth birthday of English legal memory. . . . If we must fix a date at which English law becomes articulate, begins to speak to us clearly and continuously, the 3d of September, 1189, is perhaps the best date that we can choose. The writer whom we call Glanvill had just finished the first text-book that would become a permanent classic for English lawyers; some clerk was just going to write the earliest plea-roll that would come to our hands; in a superb series of such rolls, law was beginning to have a continuous written memory, a memory that we can still take in our hands and handle. . . . Seven hundred years of judicial records, six hundred years of law reports! Think how long a time seven centuries would be in the history of Roman law."

Vast and all but unmanageable as is this bulk of material, Englishmen, says this excellent critic, have hardly done "what might have been expected of them by those who do not know them well. . . . There is . . . some danger lest the history of English law should be better known and better taught in other countries than in England."

"And now, why is our history unwritten? In the first place, . . . because of the traditional isolation of the study of English law from every other study, an isolation which is illustrated by the fact that it is only of late years—late years to us who have been dealing with centuries—that English law has had a home in the universities. . . . Blackstone's work was the first-fruits of a professorship of law; . . . the imperishable monument of what may be done by obliging a lawyer to teach law. . . . In the second place, . . . the earlier ages of English law are so little studied because all English lawyers are expected to know something about them."

The lawyers, however, are after the modern interpretation of the old law, and not the old law itself; and they rest content with that.

—Then comes the question of who is to write the History of English Law.

"A thorough training in modern law is almost indispensable for any one who would do good work on legal history. . . . The persons who possess very fully one of the great requisites for the work are, as a rule, very unlikely to attempt it. . . . If they have the taste, they have not the time . . . for historical research. . . . Where, then, lies our trust? Perhaps in failure. . . . The law student should be prepared for either fortune. The day may come when, in the bitterness of his soul, he will confess that he is not going to succeed. . . . That is the hopeful moment. . . . In that day of tribulation may it be remembered that the history of English law has not been written. . . . Short of the very greatest work, there is good work to be done, . . . large provinces to be reclaimed from the waste. . . . At least, he can copy, . . . arrange, digest, make serviceable. . . . The great man, when he comes, may fling a foot-note of gratitude to those who have smoothed his way, who have saved his eyes and his time."

All this comes with grace and with force from one who, already, in his early manhood, has made the most valuable contributions to a knowledge of our early legal annals. Would that his words might rouse the ambition of some of our own

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lawyers or students of the law whose fortune may enable them to follow or help others in following these admirable suggestions.

—In the interest of those who give, and especially of those who give mistakenly, cannot a similar study to that of Canon Taylor in the October and November *Fortnightly Review* be undertaken in regard to the management, operations, and results of the various American Missionary Societies, by some one who is interested and yet not prejudiced? American missionary work all over the world has devoted itself of recent years much more to civilization, education, and medical aid, than to conversion. In the Levant the work has been among Christians—Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Copts; for the whole history of the societies would hardly furnish half-a-dozen converts from Islam. The greatest success has been among the Armenians, where several large Protestant communities have been formed. These have, however, of recent years given great anxiety to the missionaries, because, having been brought up in the strict Congregationalist doctrine, that each church is independent and sufficient to itself, they no longer wish to remain under tutelage, and threaten to return to the Orthodox Armenian Church unless they are allowed the management of the funds collected for them in America. Nor can they see why native pastors should not receive as good salaries as foreign missionaries. In Egypt, the American missionaries do good medical work, and support a number of small schools; owing to lucky investments in real estate in Cairo, they possess a considerable income of their own, and much of their time is taken up in its management. In the larger towns of Turkey—Beirut, Smyrna, Constantinople, Salonika—the missionaries live in good and often handsome houses, with sufficient servants, and surrounded by every European and American comfort. They are far better off than country clergymen at home, because they preach but few sermons, have absolutely no parish work, receive fairly good salaries, are sure of a pension for their old age, of occasional journeys home with expenses paid, and know that funds will be found somewhere to send the boys to school and college. At Manissa (Magnesia) the missionaries used to occupy the best house of the place, a former harem of the Pasha, which was furnished well, where they had a large library, engravings and photographs, a Steinway piano and cabinet organ, and received most of the magazines and illustrated papers. At Constantinople the mission has become a mere business institution. The ladies conduct a large and flourishing girls' school called "The Home," and the men run a large printing establishment called "The Bible-House," where they print Bibles, books, and religious or mildly secular papers in several languages. They go to their offices in the morning and return to their families at night, like so many men of business at home. The missionaries in the interior have occasional hardships, apart from their loneliness; but each case of difficulty is promptly taken up by the American Minister at Constantinople, who is sometimes a Catholic, and happens just now to be a Hebrew. Indeed, missionary complaints form by far the greater part of the work of our Legation at Constantinople, and its reclamations on other subjects are less regarded because it is supposed to exist for the sole purpose of protecting Protestant missionaries. Unfortunately, this cannot be helped just now, because the French, insisting on an erroneous interpretation of an obsolete treaty, claim to be the sole protectors of Catholicism in the East, and insist so jealously on this claim that no American Catholic missionaries—if such exist—would be allowed by the Propaganda to ask, in case of difficulty, for the protection of their own Government.

—The American missionaries have founded in Turkey three great, important, and extremely useful educational establishments—the College at Aintab; that at Beirut, chiefly medical, which got into ill-repute a few years ago in consequence of the dismissal of some of its best professors, who were suspected of leanings to Darwinism; and Robert College on the Bosphorus, which, in order to preserve its freedom of action, has been obliged to cut itself loose from all connection with the Missionary Societies. Without underrating in the least the services which American missionaries are rendering to education in the East, we should be glad if some one would show the relation which education bears to conversion in missionary effort, and how much of the money collected is devoted to the conversion of one sect of Christians to another. Let people give as much as they choose, but allow them to do it with their eyes open, and to know for what they are giving. In any other branch of life it would be considered false pretences, malversation, and a breach of trust to persuade little Sunday-school children to give up their hardly earned pennies for the purpose of "enlightening the darkness of the poor heathen," and then spending it in proselytizing Armenian Christians or in supporting a school for Greek girls at Athens.

—Three additional volumes of the new Weimar edition of Goethe's works have recently been received (New York: B. Westermann & Co.): Vol. ii. of the "Gedichte," vol. ii. of the "Tagebücher," and vol. iii. of the "Briefe." The last comprises the letters of the early Weimar period, from Goethe's arrival in November, 1775, to the close of 1778. As in the previous volumes, the order of the letters is chronological—an arrangement of the greatest assistance to the student of the poet's own life and growth; and to the reader who does not share Grimm's enthusiasm for the Frau von Stein correspondence (which forms by far the largest part of the present volume), it may not be unwelcome to find the succession of rapturous missives now and then interrupted. The record of *Postsendungen*, compiled from the original lists, which was begun by Burkhardt in vol. ix. of the *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, is continued in an appendix at the close of the present volume for the years 1775–78. It affords fresh evidence of the astounding extent of Goethe's correspondence, for many existing letters are not recorded, while the lists show many not known to be in existence.

—The volume of the journals contains the only essentially new matter, apart from questions of text-criticism and chronology. The present volume covers the period from 1790 to the end of 1800, one of fruitful activity on the part of the poet, and embracing the first years of his intimacy with Schiller. We have here the journals from which was prepared the 'Reise in die Schweiz im Jahre 1797,' from which something may be gleaned by the student of Goethe's style, though but little compared with what is offered in the 'Letters and Journals from Italy to Frau von Stein and Others,' recently published; for the poet now keeps his diaries by proxy, and most of the entries are dictated to his secretary. All spontaneity is lost, and the several entries have been fitted to a scheme; the traveller's impressions, as recorded for us, seem like dried botanical specimens rather than fresh wayside flowers. Blunders on the part of the secretary, due either to ignorance or to mistake in hearing, keep the learned editors busy; but the personal flavor is lacking. To Goethe's home life and family the references are few and meagre; "die Meinigen" are mentioned once or twice, and the sending of letters to "Dem. Vulpius" is noted, but that is all. The lists of misprints in preceding volumes would seem to show that even German editors, engaged in a task like the present one, sometimes nod.

—News has been received, under date of Godthaab, October 4, that Frithiof Nansen, the young and daring Curator of the Bergen Museum, and leader of the Danish expedition which was fitted out last summer for the passage from east to west of the Greenland ice, has successfully reached the west coast, after a perilous journey across the interior of forty-six days. The crossing of the great inland ice began at Uminik, somewhat north of the sixty-first parallel of latitude, and therefore at a point not very far from the southeastern extremity of the peninsula. The objective point of emergence was Christianshaab, a small colony on Disco Bay, situated beyond the sixty-eighth parallel; but furious snowdrifts, coupled with other difficulties of passage, obliged the party to seek a more southerly course, with the result of landing them at Ameralik Fjord, near Godthaab. By comparing these points, it will be observed that the transit was made across only the southwestern corner of Greenland; and consequently, while due credit must be given to the explorers for what has actually been accomplished, it can scarcely be said that the expedition has effected its full purpose of making known the true interior of this *terra incognita* of geographers. The actual details of exploration have not yet been made public, but sufficient is patent to indicate that the entire region is one vast ice-bound area, unrelieved by the oases which had been conjectured on purely theoretical grounds by Nordenskjöld, and which that explorer, in a somewhat less fortunate expedition, himself failed to find.

—Whether we have in these apparently endless ice-fields the remains of the glacial period of geologists, or merely the self-succeeding deposits of snow and ice which have normally accumulated in a region of vast precipitation and comparatively little melting, must be left for future explorers to determine. The same holds true with regard to the determination of the thickness of the ice itself, and of the configuration or relief of land-surface underlying the ice. It is certainly a little anomalous that in a region where the cloud-line descends to so low a level as it does in Greenland, the snow accumulation over the far interior, at an elevation of from two to three miles, should be so prodigious as present researches seem to indicate. Or may it after all be that, further to the north, and deeper in the interior, there is a diminution in the extent of the ice-cap, or even a complete disappearance, as has been suggested by Nordenskjöld? The highest elevation reached by Nansen and his party was about 10,000 feet, and for several weeks the transit was made at an altitude of over 9,000 feet. The interior elevation of Greenland is seemingly much greater than has been generally supposed, and may yet be found to tower to the heights demanded by the extreme glacialists, although the observations of preceding Danish explorers—Hammer, Holm, and others—tended to the conclusion that the interior, instead of gradually rising, sloped off towards the north and east. Determinations made from an altitude of some 7,000 feet, except in so far as isolated mountain summits rose above this point, indicated a negative horizon. Comparatively little discomfort ap-

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pears to have been experienced by the party during their wanderings, which were interrupted by snow only for a period of four days. The extreme temperature recorded was between 40° and 60° F.

TRAINING THE MEMORY.

"*Loisette*" *Exposed*, together with Loisette's Complete System of Physiological Memory. By G. S. Fellows, M.A. New York: G. S. Fellows & Co. 1888.

Memory and Its Doctors. By Dr. E. Pick. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

Memory Systems, New and Old. By A. E. Middleton. First American edition from the second English edition, revised and enlarged, with a Bibliography of Mnemonics, 1325–1888. By G. S. Fellows, M.A. G. S. Fellows & Co. 1888.

Memory. Its Logical Relations and Cultivation. By F. W. Eldridge-Green. London: Baillière, Tindall & Cox. 1888.

Memory: What it Is and How to Improve it. By David Kay. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

'"Loisette" Exposed' contains the essential principles of Dr. Pick's system of memory training, a full account of the "Loisettian Art of Never Forgetting," and some interesting facts relating to the Memory Professor, Marcus Dwight Larrowe, alias Alphonse Loisette. From this book it appears that, while "Professor Loisette" condemns Pick's system, and is subject to the illusion that he has made "a great discovery," "destined to work as great a revolution in educational methods as Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood in physiology," the best part of his system of "Instantaneous Memory" is an application of principles expounded by Dr. Pick several decades ago, and contained in a little book ('Memory and the Rational Means of Improving It') published in London in 1861. Evidently the Professor, in spite of his training, is the victim of paramnesia, or false memory. Before the appearance of '"Loisette" Exposed,' Middleton and Appleby in England had called attention to the similarity of the "Loisettian Art" and other mnemonic systems; and some in America were suspicious of a school that could be entered only by those ready to bind themselves to secrecy. But Pick's book was out of print; those uninitiated in the secret of the new system had little direct evidence against it, and the initiated were under $500 bonds to keep silent. Accordingly, the Professor continued to earn a very handsome living by teaching an art "wholly unlike mnemonics in conception, process, development, and results."

The main principles of Pick's system of memory training, as given in the first part of '"Loisette" Exposed' and in 'Memory and its Doctors,' are deductions from the general laws of the association of ideas, and the Herbartian principle that two ideas of equal strength, meeting in the mind, blend. "An idea never comes back to the mind by itself, but is always recalled by another." Ideas that impress the mind strongly, and blend with other vivid ideas, are easily recalled. Hence, "the only means to strengthen the memory, or rather to facilitate remembrance, is not to deal with memory at all, but to find means to strengthen ideas which are too weak to make an impression." This may be done in two ways. "The first means is to concentrate our attention on as few ideas as possible at the same time"; the other "is *comparison*." We can compare ideas that are similar or opposite. By noting qualities that two ideas have in common, and others by which they are distinguished from each other, we force the mind to give attention to them. Ideas thus compared blend, so that afterwards, when one is recalled, the other will recur also. Thus, if we wish to remember the series of ideas represented by the following list of words: Book, printing, newspaper, telegraph, Atlantic cable, America, cotton, Manchester, Sir Robert Peel, free trade, navigation, Australia, gold, jewelry, etc., the method is as follows: Attend exclusively to the first two ideas in the series, noting any qualities in the two that are naturally associated; in like manner compare the second and third; and so proceed through the list, taking care at each step to confine the attention to the two ideas compared, giving no heed for the moment to the other ideas in the list. One who has never noticed carefully the influence of association upon memory will be surprised to find that, after once reading the list in this manner, it is easy to repeat the words in the exact order in which they are printed. The reason is evident. The first invariably suggests the second, the second the third, and so on. In the case of ideas that are neither similar nor opposite, the advantages of this system are not as evident. The method for such cases is thus given by Pick:

"Each idea has some relation with a great number of other ideas. We must look amongst the ideas connected with those two which we desire to retain, for the purpose of finding points of comparison. For example, if we have to compare or combine *paper* and *youth*, we must look for one or more ideas which by their insertion will establish a chain of relative or connecting ideas between the two which are to be compared. This process is, in some respects, an arbitrary one; and each particular person will establish his own chain of connecting links, according to his own taste and experience. Thus, one will say that *paper* can be compared with *white color*, this with pure, and pure with *youth*. Another will work out the combination in this way: paper, engine, force, youth. Another will compare: paper, book, imagination, youth. . . . By this means a combination sufficient to insure the power of recalling any two given ideas, only one being presented to the mind, can always be obtained."

If Pick's rules are strictly followed, and each person makes his own "chain of connecting links," this associating process may be helpful even in case of diverse ideas; for it is at least a device for keeping the attention fixed upon the two given ideas for a considerable length of time. The extreme to which this method may be carried appears in Loisette's lectures. He "uses none of the associations of mnemonics," but calls the linking of diverse ideas "correlation." The following passage from 'Memory and its Doctors,' in which Pick quotes from 'Loisette,' gives an illustration of the latter's "correlations," and will show one way "to learn a book at one reading":

"To remember the following phrase after one reading, 'The active principle of the stomach is a hydrolytic ferment named pepsin,' you make the following correlation': '*Active* . . . chief actor . . . warrior prince. *Principle* . . . interest . . . rest . . . rest for digestion . . . digestive organ. *Stomach* . . . machination . . . machine . . . press . . . hydraulic press. *Hydrolytic* . . . droll . . . laughter . . . excitement. *Ferment* . . . firmament . . . sun . . . heat . . . burning . . . pepper . . . *pepsin*.'"

One can readily believe that a pupil who has patience to work out in this manner every sentence of a book will become either a "Memory-Athlete" or a madman. Yet the Pick-Loisette system contains much that is valuable; and to those who love secrecy, the Professor's instruction is probably worth what it costs.

'Memory Systems New and Old' gives an historical sketch of the Memory Doctors from Simonides to "Loisette." To this is appended an extensive bibliography of literature upon memory and mnemonics, and an account of the Loisette-Fellows controversy. This second part of the book reveals the interesting fact, that, upon the first appearance of '"Loisette" Exposed,' Loisette in vain offered $6,000 for the withdrawal of the book from the market, afterwards obtained an injunction from the Supreme Court restraining the sale of it while the legal action was pending, and finally effected a compromise by buying the unsold copies of the book together with the plates for $4,000. As "Loisette" continues to advertise his "Marvellous Memory Discovery," we would recommend the works of Pick and this book by Middleton and Fellows as valuable preliminary reading for those intending to become members of the "Loisettian School."

Of all the various mnemonic systems ever taught, it is safe to say that those of Pick and his pupils are the best. The ancient systems, with their principles of localization and visualization—by the imagination connecting the thing to be remembered with some definite place, perhaps in a real or imaginary house—are helpful only to a certain class of minds. The mediæval systems, with their good advice, and prescription of drugs, pills, perfumes, sneezing powders, plasters, and good living, are little improvement upon the ancient systems on which they are based. And a large part of the modern systems, with their nonsense words, stories, correlations, doggerel rhymes, vile puns, and keys larger than the doors they are to unlock, tend to madness. But the system of Pick and the various modifications of it contain, amid whatever amount of mnemonic chaff, the genuine wheat of sound psychology.

'Memory: Its Logical Relations and Cultivation' is written by a physician. In opposition to the view of Bain and others, that a reproduced impression occupies the same parts of the brain as the original impression, the author endeavors to prove "that memory is a definite faculty, and has its seat in the basal ganglion of the brain, separate from, but associated with, all the other faculties of the mind." This "faculty" he divides into "sensory memory" and "motor memory," and locates the former in the optic thalami, the latter in the corpora striata. Leaving this doubtful physiology and the author's phrenological psychology, the rest of the book is more valuable, treating, among other topics, of "the connection between the motor and the sensory memories," the border-land of memory proper, where unconscious or automatic activities are performed, and, finally, the "cultivation of memory." The author gives some sensible advice in regard to the necessity of good health, so that one may do mental work "when the nervous force is abundant." And one of the best parts of the book is the list of rules for the cultivation of "the motor memory." This refers to "the memory required for the performance of co-ordinated muscular movements which have to be learnt."

The last book upon our list is a work of much study and research, containing a vast number of footnotes with quotations in support of the text. The book might serve as an anthology on the subject of memory. To one, however, who is not satisfied with this multitude of fragments, but would refer to the writers mentioned, the author's method is very tantalizing, for he nowhere gives a reference to the work and chapter quoted. Mr. Kay's views of memory are very different from those expressed in the book just noticed. In his opinion, "not the brain alone, but the whole body, is the true

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seat of memory." Thus, "when a sensation that has once been in the mind is recalled, the same parts are affected and the same physical conditions reproduced as when it was originally present." Accordingly, a good part of the book is devoted to a study of the nervous system, the senses, the relation of the mind to the body, and our unconscious mental processes. This presentation of physiological psychology is generally good, and shows an acquaintance with modern science; but amid so much evidence of untiring research, it strikes one as strange that the author constantly appeals to Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Carpenter, and Prof. Bain, and ignores Lotze, Fechner, and Wundt. Perhaps the most serious defects of the book are due to a lack of familiarity with German studies in psycho-physics. Of the hundreds of quotations given, comparatively few are from German writers; and the author makes no mention of the experimental studies of memory by Ebbinghaus and others. Another lack, more readily pardoned on account of Ribot's excellent monograph, is the absence of any study of diseases of memory, and the anomalous conditions that appear in insanity and hypnotic states; nor does the author give any historical sketch of the various conceptions of memory that have been held in the past. But while the book lacks much that is necessary to a complete study, it is by far the best work yet written upon the general subject of memory.

The means of improving the memory, according to Mr. Kay, is not a mnemonic system, but a proper method of education. As the organs of sense and the muscles, as well as the brain, are concerned in memory, "in order to improve the memory, special attention must be given to the training of the senses." By nature's method, each sense is trained separately. Here ordinary educational methods are radically at fault. Even in teaching the alphabet, we distract the child's attention by forcing it to do three things at once—to apprehend the form of the letter with the eye and the sound with the ear, and to master the pronunciation with the vocal organs. Instead of doing this, the child should master the various processes involving the different senses separately, attending to one thing at a time. Thus the senses will be trained to accurate observation, and the communication of knowledge "made the means of improving the memory." Here the author's method is in some respects unique, and it deserves consideration.

MORE NOVELS.

The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat. By William Black. Harpers.

The Mystery of Mirbridge. By James Payn. Harpers.

Through the Long Night. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Harpers.

Uncle Tom's Tenement. By Alice Wellington Rollins. Boston: W. E. Smythe Co.

The Young Seigneur. By Wilfrid Chateauclair. Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co.

Amos Kilbright, and Other Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A HESITATION about disturbing agreeable memories may deter those who ten years or so ago loitered through England at the wheels of Mr. Black's "Phaeton" from accompanying him on a similar journey in a "House Boat." Such misers of pleasurable impressions may cast aside caution and embark with assurance of enjoyment on the *Nameless Barge*. They will renew acquaintance with Queen Tita, as gracefully inconsequent in maturity as in youth, and with that insignificant person, her husband, whose irony has taken on flavor with years. If Belle's absence is to be regretted, Peggy is a charming substitute, and her banjo no less romantic an appurtenance than was Belle's zither. Peggy's love affair with the middle-aged Scotch warrior may not stir such sympathetic emotion as did that between Belle and the ingenuous Uhlan of fierce moustaches, yet the case of crabbed age and youth is not too flagrant to excite disapprobation. Peggy, even if deprived of the adventitious fascination of a banjo, would be a delightful creature, and no nation except the United States has the slightest claim upon her. She is the happy medium between immodest effrontery and self-conscious prudishness. Her vivacity and self-possession are thoroughly American, and her irrepressible coquetry has an innocence and audacity possible only to girls who think no evil because they have never been hedged in by restraints which inevitably suggest its existence. She makes a striking figurehead for the *Nameless Barge*, and permeates with her abounding vitality all the scraps of song and story. Though the water-ways of England are not strictly suggestive of Scotch history, Mr. Black's loyalty to the Highlands is sufficient reason for a detailed narrative of Prince Charlie's sorrows and of the devotion of Cameron of Lochiel. Any one who, by the reading of Vernon Lee's violent denunciations of the "drunken brute," in her 'Countess of Albany,' may have lost sight of the gallant and brilliant Charles Edward of '45, is commended to the perusal of Queen Tita's glowing narrative and plea for the defence. Several other historical episodes are similarly invested with new life by the manner of their telling. The manner of the book is its distinction. It is a light, fluent, informal manner, and has, besides, the rare quality of repose without an insinuation of stupidity.

If to repeat one's self in fiction, however acceptably, be an offence, then Mr. Black is of course culpable, but at least he is not so comprehensively criminal as are his compatriots who repeat both themselves and their multitudinous colleagues. Mr. James Payn is a veteran offender. He believes in a plot, and whenever he wants one, he goes fishing with a drag-net on the high seas of romantic intrigue. Whatever he may land is as much his as another's, and with great cheerfulness and deftness he proceeds to arrange his hap-hazard catch in the way that shall most cleverly conceal its "ancient and fish-like smell." When he went fishing for the wherewithal to concoct 'The Mystery of Mirbridge,' he struck a school of ruthless villains and one of rural innocents. The common waters of romance abound in these species and they always swim in company. Along with the villains and the innocents came an English nobleman, sharing about equally the qualities of his sharply contrasted society, and with additional weaknesses peculiar to the class in which he was unfortunately born. Lord Trevor's folly is the foundation of the mystery, which, from the start, is not profound, yet is carefully revealed by the author many times before the finish.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's affections unquestionably cling to plot, but she never arrives at superb indifference to a modicum of congruity between character and conduct. Several of the characters in 'Through the Long Night' are so carefully studied from life and so confidently developed that their effective force is scarcely diminished by their relation to a sequence of stereotyped events. The newest of these characters in fiction, and perhaps the rarest in life, is Caleb Stagg, who, inheriting the uncouth person, tongue, and manners of plebeian parents, has a refinement of sentiment in pitiable contrast to his external vulgarities. He is truly one of Nature's noblemen, and it would be possible to forget that he is an "omad'haun" if Mrs. Linton were less addicted to the use of this unusual, disparaging epithet. Though the signs of the times point to the supplanting of the English aristocracy by the English plutocracy, it is difficult to believe that the picture drawn by Mrs. Linton of the supreme power of wealth is not an exaggeration. The spectacle of the lion and the lamb lying down together could not be more surprising than that of an Earl's daughter cherishing a platonic friendship for Caleb Stagg, a man recently emancipated, by his father's lucky strike, from the miner's pick and shovel; or than that of the Earl himself affably dining at the table of an ex-female cook. Such instances of the levelling tendency of the gold that glitters are not morally shocking, but there is something repulsive about its effect on well-born mothers with beautiful daughters to sell. Mrs. Linton is a social essayist of keen perception and chary of immoderate assertion, yet she says that her Mrs. Clanricarde, who threw the unwilling Estelle at Caleb Stagg's head, is emphatically a modern mother, who "will welcome as her son-in-law a moral leper or a physical, if sufficiently well-gilded." Mr. Anthony Harford, who buys Estelle, declined with thanks by Stagg, announces the advent of the "cow-boy" in English fiction. Thus it appears that the impression made by Buffalo Bill and the Wild West Show on the jaded sensibilities of the Old World was not evanescent, but had that quality of permanence which is reflected in the literature of every age and country.

The luxury of reading an author's preface is one in which it is said critics alone indulge. Trusting, then, to their known avidity for the prefatory tidbit, Mrs. Rollins, in 'Uncle Tom's Tenement,' addresses it to them exclusively, and by full and humble confession deprives them of several otherwise possible expressions of their natural malevolence. Having read the preface, the most depraved critic cannot indulge in indignant charge of plagiarism, or in flippant comparison between 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and his 'Tenement,' and between the literary effectiveness and reformatory might of Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Rollins. In a spirit of mean revenge, he may say that he never would have discovered that Mrs. Rollins had "hitched her wagon to a star," had she not made such a point of telling him, and then he must proceed candidly to consider the merits of the wagon dissociated from the glory of the star.

The question of tenement-house reform does not lend itself easily or naturally to literary treatment. Tenement-house filth and misery are a grim fact of modern civilization—a fact without any aspect which stirs the souls or fires the passions of mankind. Particular cases of tenement wretchedness excite individual sympathy, but an appeal to a community for the improvement of a whole range or district of tenements must, for any hope of response, be made to the reason, and not to the heart. Such improvement is a practical matter of expediency, even of self-interest, and the more thoroughly the movement towards it is divested of sentimental humanitarianism and of romantic generalization, the more surely will it be carried on by the hard-headed, close-fisted capitalist, whose purse can do more to remedy the evil than can all the sympathetic tears that could possibly be shed by all the town. Even the

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most dreadful feature of the evil, and that on which Mrs. Rollins lays most stress, the enforced immorality of women, would more urgently demand helpful interference if its actual proportions were set forth dispassionately in solemn facts and figures. This criticism of the inappropriateness of Mrs. Rollins's method for hastening a reform which she has much at heart, does not include criticism of her intention. Her motive is serious and fine, and it is only to be regretted that she should not have chosen a simpler form of expression—one that by its cold directness should move people with any semblance of conscience to resolve that "something must be done about it."

The Canadian author of 'The Young Seigneur' has also done his best to kill the poor critic's business and his quietus make with a bare preface. He tells the critic a number of things which his book is not, and kindly mentions that thing most like to which it is—a plan of "a future for the Canadian nation." It is not incredible that a critic might unaided have found out what the book is not, but the author's help is invaluable for the purpose of stating what it is. The Young Seigneur had "a system," he felt almost like saying "a commission of revelation." Unfortunately, he had not the gift of tongues without which commissions of revelation are mere honorary appendages, mystical, of no practical utility, good for decoration only, like the "K. C. B." which several of his countrymen are privileged to engrave on their cards. His future Canada is to be an "ideal Canada"; it is to include the "imperial idea" and "*l'idée Canadienne*," and its "aim is to lead the nations, not to be led." The comprehensiveness of this scheme leaves nothing to be desired by Canadians, and, while it remains in its present inchoate shape, the rest of the world need not tremble. Fortunately for other nations, the Young Seigneur met a violent and totally unexpected death before he became coherent enough really to do any harm. It is rather odd that this book should have some value, neither for what the author says it is not, nor for what he says it is, but for something he seems to have overlooked. This not too conspicuous value is in a few incidental French-Canadian figures, which are hints of real life rather than conscious sketches.

Mr. Stockton's vein of humor is astonishingly productive, and if its yield is not always without alloy, it is never mere dross. The adventures of the materialized spirit "Amos Kilbright" have not the irresistible comicality of most of the author's short stories—the conception is too farcical; but some of the details are just funny enough to redeem the whole. The point of the irony in "Plain Fishing" is strained, and so is that in "The Reversible Landscape"; but in "Dusky Philosophy" there is great joy for the soul that can revel in that absurdity which is pure in its essentials and perfectly limited by art. There is no choice between "Brudder Pete's" sermon on the seven devils which possess all women, and the parables illustrating that "truf is mighty and ought not to be hendered from prevailin'." The negro unassisted is apt to be amusing, and the negro helped out by Mr. Stockton is inimitably ludicrous.

HOLIDAY BOOKS AGAIN.

Old Songs. With Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons. Harper & Bros.

Salon de 1888. Par Eugène Montrosier. Paris: Ludovic Baschet; New York: J. W. Bouton.

A History of French Painting, from its Earliest to its Latest Practice. Including an Account of the French Academy of Painting, its Salons, Schools of Instruction, and Regulations. By C. H. Stranahan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. By W. Outram Tristram. With illustrations by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson. Macmillan & Co.

Baby's Lullaby Book—Mother Songs. By Charles Stuart Pratt. Water colors by W. L. Taylor. Music by G. W. Chadwick. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

The Home of Shakespeare. After water-color sketches by Louis K. Harlow. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

MR. ABBEY'S collection of 'Old Songs,' with his own illustrations, is *the* holiday book of the season, indubitably. It is a late day to say anything new of Mr. Abbey's work, which is, we are happy to know, appreciated by artists, critics, and public at its full worth. He is, in his own domain, easily the first of living artists, and is without rivals who can even seriously contest his preëminence. The present collection not only is equal to the best of his former work, but contains some of the best work he has done. The illustrations of "Sally in our Alley," in particular, seem to us to be on as high a level as even Mr. Abbey has ever reached. The charm, the refinement, the distinction of these drawings is altogether inimitable and delightful. Mr. Abbey is always at his best in his pen-drawings, and in the few drawings in tone contained in the volume there seems to be slightly less than his usual merit. Mr. Parsons contributes a number of head and tail-pieces, initials, etc., which are graceful and well done, and the publishers have given a sumptuosity of binding, print, and paper to the volume which makes the presentation worthy of the contents. The total result is a gift-book as nearly perfect as we can ever expect to see.

Perhaps in a strict classification M. Baschet's publication should not be placed among holiday books, but it comes to us at holiday time and would prove an acceptable holiday present; and it has this in common with the professed holiday books, that its illustrations are its primary reason for existence. M. Montrosier's text is mainly of the good-humored and complimentary sort common in such publications, where the artists who lend their work for reproduction naturally expect a *quid pro quo* in the form of praise; but he becomes critical occasionally, as when he says of Gérôme that he has been "a Tacitus, and is to-day little better than a teller of anecdotes," and when he finds fault with the tendency of the French artists of to-day to paint genre subjects on a scale worthy of the most lofty flights of historical painting. There is much truth in his complaint that "it is on a surface as vast as that of the 'Marriage in Cana' that our artists exhibit to us a consumptive mother or a drunken father."

The collection of photogravure reproductions from pictures and statues of the last Salon gives the familiar impression of a prodigious quantity of ability and training combined with a minimum of originality or genius. Whether it is that the original things do not get into such collections, or that their quality is lost in the air of general excellence, it is hard to say; but these collections of modern French art seem all alike and all disappointing. One sees in them the evidence of the existence of a school which for thoroughness of educated talent and the general high level of ability has probably never been equalled, but one does not see a great work: one is astonished, but one is rarely charmed. Nevertheless, the great works exist, and only from such a background of generally diffused knowledge can start forth the masterpieces of a Millet or a Baudry. Other nations produce great but unbalanced artists: the French alone produce masters, because they alone have a school. Either the Salon of 1888 did not contain a masterpiece, which M. Montrosier intimates was the case, or the masterpieces it contained have not found their way into this volume; but we are shown many pieces of a high degree of excellence, among which we may mention three examples of the suave and sugared correctness of Bouguereau, a very clever nude "study" by Toudouze, and a charming idyl by Raphael Collin called "Fin d'Été." The genre pictures do not seem as interesting as usual, but the reproduction of "La Crèche," by Mme. J. Delance-Feurgard, showing the long rows of suspended cradles in a foundling hospital, gives an impression of what should be an interesting piece of tone in whites. Some of the portraits are interesting from their subjects rather than from any artistic preeminence, notably M. Bonnat's "Jules Ferry" and "Cardinal Lavigerie," and M. J. Koppay's drawing of the Norwegian dramatist Ibsen. The sculpture, including M. Turcan's group "L'Aveugle et le Paralytique," which obtained the medal of honor, seems but mediocre, though much of it is technically admirable.

Mrs. Stranahan's volume also may find a place here on account of the season at which it appears, although it differs even more widely than the last from the accepted type of holiday book. It is a laborious and exhaustive compilation of the history of French painting, and contains a mine of information about art, artists, and art institutions, which is rendered available by a good index. The author probably does not pretend to great originality in criticism, but her judgment is catholic enough to distinguish the good in very various work, and to appreciate both David and Manet. We have not read the book through, but wherever we have dipped into it we have found it sound and sensible, if not inspiring. It contains sixteen photogravure plates from celebrated French pictures of various epochs, but the value of many of them is marred by the fact that they are reproduced from engravings rather than from the originals.

Most, if not all, of 'Coaching Days and Coaching Ways' has already appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and the book bears the marks of its origin upon it. The text is in the pleasant, gossipy, magazine style, and the numerous illustrations are up to, but not above, the level of magazine work. The notes of places, bits of old inns, etc., by Mr. Railton, are interesting, but are too spotty in effect to be altogether pleasing to the eye, and the figure subjects by Mr. Thomson are clever, but somewhat too ponderously and deliberately humorous. The book is lavishly got up as to paper and type, but the cover is not to our taste.

The two gift-books that come to us from L. Prang & Co. are so much alike that they may be dealt with together. They are both printed in colors, and both lithographed throughout—text and pictures and all. The lettering is not particularly beautiful as decoration, and is annoying to read; and a rather feeble prettiness is the highest range of artistic merit in the illustrations.

An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, written by himself. A new edition with notes and a supplement by Robert W. Lowe. 2 vols., 8vo. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: J. W. Bouton.

THERE is no need now to praise Colley Cibber's 'Apology'; it is one of the best books about

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the stage ever written, and it contains an absolutely incomparable gallery of verbal portraits of the great performers of the beginning of the last century. For an English actor or actress to have sat for his picture to Cibber is to have made sure of an immortality quite as secure as that of the Bostonian who was painted by Copley. And it was this marvellous artist in letters, this master of the difficult art of character drawing, whom Pope chose as the hero of the 'Dunciad'! Time was, when people thought that other artist of an exceeding skill, Boswell, also to be a fool. (There is, indeed, a certain likeness between Boswell and Cibber, which is well worthy of elaboration.) What Dr. Hill has done for Boswell's 'Johnson,' Mr. Lowe has done for Cibber's 'Apology.' He has purified the text of the second edition, the latest revised by the author. He has apparently verified every quotation, explained every allusion, and corrected every error of Cibber's—for Colley, with all his power of bodying forth a character, was careless of dates and reckless often as to the strict sequence of events. He has prefixed a reprint of the rare 'Historia Histrionica: An Historical Account of the English Stage,' first published in 1699 and admirably adapted to introduce Cibber's description of the London theatres as he first knew them. He has supplied a supplementary chapter, tracing Cibber's career to the actor's death in 1757, in the course of which he sketches the history of the battle between Cibber and Pope, and shows how completely Cibber got the better of the quarrel. He has prepared a list of Cibber's writings (in which we regret to see a repetition of the current British blunder that Mr. Henry Irving was the first actor of our time to discard Cibber's version of "Richard III": the credit is really due to Mr. Edwin Booth) and a bibliography of the writings about Cibber. He has appended a reprint of Tony Aston's 'Brief Supplement to Colley Cibber, Esq., His Lives of the late famous Actors and Actresses.' He has selected from the sixth edition of the 'Apology,' published in 1822 under the name of a man called Bellchambers (but, possibly, as Mr. Lowe has shown, the work of a man called Burn) such biographical notes as seemed worth preserving —the book thus despoiled, commonly known as Bellchamber's "Cibber's 'Apology,'" being a perfect model of how not to edit. He has prepared also an ample index, which seems exact as far as we have been able to test it. And in doing all these things he has done well, for he has given us an edition in all points excellent of a book deserving the most excellent editing —an edition worthy to be ranked with Dr. Hill's "Boswell's 'Johnson'" and with Canon Ainger's 'Lamb.'

While the editor has thus done his duty nobly, the publishers have not lagged behind. The book has been printed at the Chiswick Press; and type, paper, and presswork are all thoroughly satisfactory. Only 510 copies of the octavo edition have been printed, and only 305 of a larger-paged edition—"each copy numbered as issued and the type distributed." There are twenty-six added plates, all portraits and all copper-plate mezzotints newly engraved by Mr. R. B. Parkes, from "the best and most authentic originals," says the publisher's preface—and this we take to mean that they are after the earlier engravings mostly, and not direct from the original paintings. Among these twenty-seven plates are two portraits of Colley Cibber; one of his father, the sculptor; one of his son, who was a scoundrel; one of his daughter, the odd Charlotte Charke; and two of his daughter-in-law, Susanna Maria. There are also eighteen chapter-headings sketchily etched by M. Adolphe Lalauze after contemporary engravings, and consisting chiefly of scenes from the plays to which Cibber is making constant reference. Although these are very slight, they add not a little to the interest of the edition. It remains to be said further only that the volumes are issued with gilt tops, uncut edges, and a simple and dignified Roxburghe binding.

American Weather. A Popular Exposition of the Phenomena of the Weather, including hot and cold waves, blizzards and tornadoes, etc. Illustrated with thirty-two engravings and twenty-four charts. By Gen. A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer U. S. A. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1888. 286 pp., large 8vo.

DURING the seventeen years' existence of the Government Weather Bureau, there has been no adequate presentation, in form adapted for intelligent but unprofessional readers, of the results gained from the great mass of records gathered concerning American weather. Professor Loomis of Yale has done more than any one else, not excepting the members of the Signal Service, to formulate and define the characteristics of our weather. His papers have been presented at the semi-annual meetings of the National Academy of Sciences for many years, and now constitute a body of information that has attracted universal attention among meteorologists, although it is unread and unknown among the thousands of Americans who would gladly be better informed on the heat and cold, flood and drought, in which they live; but Professor Loomis's papers were not prepared for this class of readers. The same is true in even a higher degree of the volume on the 'Recent Advances of Meteorology,' written by Professor Ferrel during his connection with the Signal Service, and published a few years ago as an appendix to one of Gen. Hazen's annual reports; it is original and profound, but it has not affected the popular attitude of meteorology in this country; it was not intended to do so. The professional papers of the Signal Service in their early issues bid fair to include treatment of our unsolved weather problems; but these have been cut off by the strict interpretation of the law founding the Service, in which no explicit authority is given for such publications. The official annual reports of the Chief Signal Officer can hardly be criticized for the absence of popular matter; they are filled chiefly with statistical summaries reported from the observing stations in all parts of the country, valuable to the student, but less readable than a dictionary to the ordinary outsider.

There is therefore manifestly a clear field for a popular work based on the materials stored away by the Signal Service, and Gen. Greely will surely find a large circle of readers who will for this reason need no further recommendation of his book than that afforded by his name on the title-page. He has long been connected with the service, and most honorably; his experience has been varied from the torrid deserts of Arizona to the frigid shores of the polar sea. Being now at the head of the service, he has its ample store of records at his disposal, and some of his leisure has been given to putting them in shape for popular understanding. The records and the leisure cannot be put to a better use, and the publication of 'American Weather' will undoubtedly tend to advance the interests of our Weather Bureau in the future. It is an excellent thing for a country when its leading officials prepare elementary books on their special subjects of study. Geikie has made illustration of how great a range of writing a leading investigator may cover—from the technical reports issued as Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain to primers on physical geography for use in the most elementary schools. He should have more imitators in this country.

Judging of its contents by the title of Gen. Greely's book when it was first announced, we must confess to some disappointment on reading it now, for more than half its pages are occupied with other subjects than weather. Several chapters are given to the commonplace of meteorological physics, and these are not distinctively better than similar chapters in text-books; space is also given to the description of the usual meteorological instruments, and of some unusual ones: all of this might, in our opinion, have been occupied to advantage by increased attention to the matter indicated by the title of the book. When the direct consideration of American features is reached, ninety-six pages are given to American climatic averages, and it is only at page 178 that the nominal subject of the book is taken up, leaving it less than half the pages of the volume. Of the twenty-four colored plates (which, by the way, are not numbered, although referred to by numbers in the text), only two are concerned with non-climatic averages; the rest all deal with annual and seasonal means, and cannot be used in understanding to-day's weather, or in solving that continual problem, the weather of to-morrow. Of the thirty-two figures in the text, actually only two are devoted to the illustration of our weather, a subject which might well require abundant diagrams. From all this, we can only conclude that American weather has not yet, even after seventeen years' work, received such study as will draw its secrets from it.

But Gen. Greely's book certainly contains much that the domestic weather prophet will read with interest and instruction, even though it does not refer chiefly to his avocation. Passing over the conventional parts already referred to, mention should be made of the excellent series of charts illustrating our normal atmospheric conditions in different seasons. No other work can approach Gen. Greely's in this respect, as far as the United States are concerned. The charts show the distribution of mean temperature, and of our absolute maxima and minima; the number of days in the year with a daily mean above 50° and below 32°; the mean variability of January temperature from day to day; the mean cloudiness for January and August; the average dates of the first and last killing frosts; and other similar elements. The barometric pressures are given for January and July without the usual reduction to sea-level, in order to show that the winter pressure, as actually observed in our continental interior, is less and not greater than the summer pressure, as the reader of text-books might conclude; but this departure from the ordinary method does not seem advisable, as pressure is not a climatic factor, and is important only in giving explanation of the course of the wind, which it fails to do if not reduced to some standard level of reference. The winds on the January chart over the Western plains all run in contradiction to the pressure gradients; thus, in correcting one ground of misapprehension, we fear that this chart may give rise to the more serious one, that the average wind of the interior in winter blows in disobedience to Buys-Ballot's law.

Under the heading of "Storms," areas of high and low pressure are described, and a good number of striking narrative accounts are given, which, being authoritative, will soon form the staple material of our text-books. The descriptive pages on cyclones, cold-waves, and

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blizzards are excellent, but would have been improved by freer illustration. Little space is allowed for accounts of tornadoes; the time of their passage at a given place is said to be five or ten minutes—an obvious misprint for seconds. Weather prediction is dismissed with little more than two pages of rules; perhaps this subject has not yet been sufficiently discussed for fuller statement and illustration. Some consideration of certain notable failures of prediction, showing the great inherent difficulties of the work, would, we think, have been edifying to the public.

The subject is illuminated, but by no means exhausted. It is to be hoped that in some later year, when our weather types are better classified, Gen. Greely may give us a second volume.

Footprints of the Pioneers in the Ohio Valley. A Centennial Sketch. By W. H. Venable, LL.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THIS book is a fagot of quotations, to which the author has contributed little more than the band which ties them together; but possibly he could not otherwise have better secured his end. His aim was to furnish such details regarding the settlement of the Ohio valley as an average reader would crave on its centennial year. With this view he brings forward original eye-witnesses—pioneer explorers, settlers, and lookers-on. Their testimony is the more welcome because it was gleaned, much of it, from books out of print and hard to procure. The information thus given does not lack vividness, variety, or raciness. The writer, however, interlards his prosaic details with about a dozen poems, which often come in as incongruously as if they were recited by witnesses in the midst of their testimony in a court of justice. Such purple patches seem as ludicrous as the gay feathers pinned on an Indian's blanket.

The woodcuts, all poorly executed, are analogous to the letter-press, that is, they are an odd mixture of fancy and fact—portraits realistic, perhaps, though their origins are not related, and ideal scenes which seldom have more verisimilitude than was to be seen in the picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, which was all one dead wall or barn-door of Spanish brown.

The facts, mainly concerning the rise and ante-steamboat progress of Ohio, the mother-State of the Northwest, are stated with tolerable accuracy; yet Kentucky is said to be "old in comparison with the other States added to the Union since the Revolution" (p. 20). The writer had forgotten that Vermont is older than Kentucky by well-nigh a year. The admission of Vermont was in 1791, February 18, or March 4; that of Kentucky was in 1792. Again, the United States in 1783 are described as "a larger section of America than the territory north of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence" (p. 15). In fact, the area of our Union was then 813,765 miles, which is less than one-fourth of 3,524,152 miles included in the region north of it and retained by Great Britain. Lewis and Clarke are declared "the first white men to traverse the continent by traversing its water courses" (p. 104). It was 1805 when those explorers reached the Pacific, but that ocean had been reached a little further north a dozen years before, in 1793, by Alexander Mackenzie, who had been knighted for his exploit in 1801. The original name of Cincinnati (Losantiville) is traced to its originator John Filson, but it is not so analyzed as to show why the name was given to a settlement opposite the mouth of the Licking. The letter L is the initial of Licking, and *os* is Latin for mouth. It is only when the first syllable is explained that the rest of the hybrid becomes plain of itself.

Many pages betray careless proof-reading, or something worse. Thus, La Salle's name *Cavelier* is spelled as though it were the title cavalier. This error may be a misprint, as no doubt Willis Creek (p. 16) is for Will's Creek, as well as Caiuga, Scaneateles, etc. (p. 97), *an* insignia (p. 59), Missouri had water *connected* with the Pacific, and the date 1785 (p. 96) when Dr. Eliot, late of St. Louis, is described as writing in Boston. But the area of the Northwestern territory is set down as 265,878 *acres* (p. 105). Can "acres" be a misprint for "miles"? At best it can be called by no more charitable name than heterography. The English are spoken of as "*basing* a prior right to the continent by virtue of Cabot's discoveries." No hint is given as to any basis for this basing.

Five or six pages are dedicated to the buckeye, a tree which has given a sobriquet both to Ohio and Ohioans; but we are not told what the tree is, nor yet how it came by its name. Webster is equally unsatisfactory. He says: "Buckeye—a tree, the *Æsculus flava*, indigenous in the Western States; *Æsculus glabra* is the fetid, or Ohio buckeye"—a definition worthy of Bardolph's elucidation of "accommodated." But this word is one proof among ten thousand that the New Dictionary of Dr. Murray is first, and all the rest are nowhere. What does that say of buckeye? "It is the American horse-chestnut," quoting for the first appearance of the word in any book Morse's Geography, 1789-96, and adding that the tree is so called from the hilum of the fruit (the mark or scar where a seed is attached to its base) having the appearance of a stag's eye.

But, on the whole, the readable style of this centennial sketch, which is now seasoned by seasonableness, as well as its store of piquant anecdotes, and the rarity of many of the extracts, must secure the booklet a wide circulation. It will satisfy a popular demand.

Microscopical Physiography of the Rock-making Minerals. By H. Rosenbusch. Translated and abridged by Jos. P. Iddings. John Wiley & Sons. 1888.

AMONG the many advances in natural sciences during the last twenty years, none has been more remarkable or fruitful than the introduction of the use of the microscope in geology. In botany, in physiology, throughout the organic world in short, the value of the microscope in revealing hidden processes of life and disease had long been recognized. Its use in these sciences was, however, a simple and direct increase of the power of the human eye, magnifying it many hundred times. The processes of formation of the crystalline rocks, which have congealed from a fused mass, in most cases long ages ago, could not be discovered by direct observation, since they had long ceased to act. By cutting these rocks, however, into thin sections, thinner than a sheet of paper, so that they became as transparent as glass, and studying their internal structure under polarized light—light whose vibrations have been reduced to a single plane by passage through a Nichol or calcspar prism—and with due regard to the laws of optics and of crystallization of the various minerals which enter into the composition of rock-masses, the geologist has been finally enabled to trace the development of the various rock ingredients from the original fused magma of the granites, basalts, and other eruptive rocks, and thus take a long step in advance in the study of the constitution and manner of formation of the earth's crust, which must at one time have been entirely in a molten condition. In this minute and laborious study, the Germans, as might have been expected, have been the pioneers, although this line of research was first suggested by an Englishman, Sorby, who made some interesting discoveries with regard to liquids enclosed in quartz and precious stones.

In 1873 Ferdinand Zirkel, one of the youngest professors of the University of Leipzig, who had made this subject his special study, and had been teaching it to his pupils for a number of years, published the first book upon the subject, entitled 'The Microscopical Characteristics of Minerals and Rocks.' In 1874 Prof. Zirkel was induced to visit this country and examine the large collections of eruptive rocks illustrating the geology of the then little known Rocky Mountain region, made by the members of the Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel, under the direction of Clarence King. The results of this study formed the sixth volume ('Microscopical Petrography') of the publication of this survey, and was the first introduction of the subject to the American scientific public.

In the fifteen years that have elapsed since Zirkel's first publication, the number of persons making a study of this subject has vastly increased, and during this time great changes have taken place which have almost revolutionized it. Many of Zirkel's somewhat empirical conclusions have been modified by his more philosophic successor in the field, H. Rosenbusch, formerly of Strassburg, now of Heidelberg University, who now stands as the acknowledged authority throughout the scientific world. The second edition of his great work upon the microscopic study of minerals and rocks, of which the subject of the present notice forms the first volume, has been translated and abridged by his former pupil, Mr. Jos. P. Iddings, and thus made available for the American student who is unfamiliar with the German tongue. Mr. Iddings has brought to his task a valuable experience in the work of the United States Geological Survey, qualifying him to supplement many omissions in the original work in regard to American occurrences. His abridgment consists mainly in the omission of certain historical data, all material necessary for the instruction of the student having been carefully retained. This translation will undoubtedly constitute for a long time to come the standard authority upon microscopical petrography, the only other works upon the subject in the English language being elementary treatises of comparatively little value.

Roman Mosaics; or Studies in Rome and its Neighborhood. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., etc. Macmillan & Co. 1888.

THESE "Mosaics" are pictures of Rome wrought in a background of Presbyterianism by the hand of a Scottish divine. As a result, they are decidedly lacking in the sparkle of the gems seen in the shops about the Piazza di Spagna, the loss of which is perhaps compensated by many highly improving moral reflections concerning the objects portrayed, set forth in very elaborate rhetoric. In the obelisks, for example, the author sees "the eternal sun, thus fittingly represented by an object that lifts its stern finger in unchangeable defiance of the vicissitudes of the seasons and the ages." The Cumæan Sibyl suggests to him that "God did not leave the Gentile nations without some glimpses of the truth which He had revealed to His own chosen people," inasmuch as "beneath the gross external polytheism of the multitude there were deep, primitive springs of godli-

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ness, pure and undefiled, working out their manifestation in noble lives; and those who have ears to hear can listen to the sound of these ancient streams as they flow into the River of Life that makes glad the city of our God."

Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the author's mental attitude towards Rome than his reflections upon the fact that malaria prevails in the beautiful park of the Villa Borghese, which he expresses thus:

"The sting of the serpent is in this Eden. Cursed is the ground for man's sake in the fairest scene that his industry and genius and virtue can make for himself; but cursed with a double curse is the ground that he makes a wilderness by his selfishness and wickedness. And this double curse, this fatal Circean spell, has come upon these beautiful grounds in common with all the neighborhood of Rome because of ages of human waste and wrong-doing."

Sentiments like this prevent one's giving the book a cordial recommendation to those who seek a sympathetic companion in the Eternal City; this it can be only to those whose chief delight in a visit to Rome or Athens is in witnessing the fulfilment of the prophecy that there should be not one stone left upon another.

As to its expressed endeavor to "supply some of that curious knowledge," of interest to the antiquarian and the historian, which guide-books overlook altogether, the author frankly confesses that twelve years have elapsed since his "memorable sojourn in Rome," and that he has had no opportunity to repeat his visit and to add to or correct his first impressions, "desirable as it might be to have had such a revision for the sake of this book." This avowal contains its own comment, and relieves the reviewer of an extremely unpleasant duty.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Walter Besant. With a portrait. Longmans, Green & Co.

"THERE are not in the whole English-speaking world," observes Mr. Besant in the course of the book we have to notice, "which now numbers close upon a hundred million, more, I suppose, than forty thousand who read Jefferies's works. Out of the forty thousand not one-half have read them all." This is, it is to be feared, but too true. Jefferies would not have died under the painful circumstances which must have accelerated his end, had the reading public shown greater appreciation of his work. We should not be surprised if far more were to read Mr. Besant's 'Eulogy' than ever opened the pages of 'The Gamekeeper at Home' or 'Amaryllis at the Fair': most of us prefer knowing something about an author to actually reading him. Moreover, Richard Jefferies was exactly that kind of writer who appeals to a very select class of readers, the true lovers of nature.

Mr. Besant has done his work well. He has lifted just enough of the veil—and this should be the criterion of success in literary biography—to make us eager to see more. Although he writes his life, Mr. Besant declares he never saw Jefferies's face. But "he followed the fortunes of this man, and read, not only his books and his papers, but learned his personal history, and heard what he was doing, and watched him curiously, unknown and unsuspected by himself." "Perhaps in this strange way," Mr. Besant goes on to say, "by reading all that he wrote, by connecting his work continually with what I learned of his life and habits, and by learning, day by day, all the things which happened to him, I may have learned to know him more intimately even than some who rejoiced in being called his friends." But, although he followed his career so closely, Mr. Besant never knew until too late—and it was characteristic of Jefferies's pride that not even his sister knew of it—of the terrible poverty of his later days. Jefferies's history is a melancholy one—a weary struggle against neglect, poverty, and sickness, terminating in a painful and untimely death. Yet it is not without its inspirations. We feel genuine admiration for the indomitable spirit of the man, his determination to rise superior to the snubs of publishers and the neglect of the public, his eagerness to be continually at work against the terrible odds of protracted ill-health.

Richard Jefferies was born near Swindon in Wiltshire; and it was here, in the meads of Coate Farm, and along the neighboring downs, that his absorbing love of nature was fostered. He started in life as a country journalist, with the one object of making money—and, by the way, in describing his experiences in this employment, Mr. Besant takes occasion to give many useful and wholesome hints to aspiring young journalists. Although one is compelled to admire Jefferies's spirit and devotion to work, one cannot help being mentally vexed at the many opportunities of rising to immediate success which he missed. He labored under the inability to see his true bent and capacity. His first real success lay in the publication in the *Times* of a letter upon the agricultural laborer. This letter—which Mr. Besant gives in an appendix—if followed up by others of the same kind, might have insured the author a permanent post on a great journal as an agricultural authority. But Jefferies, with a fatal persistency, continued to believe that his genius lay in novel-writing, and spent valuable time and energy in producing works which, considered as novels, are worthless. Jefferies never was or could be a successful novelist—he had no story to tell. His power lay in describing natural scenery and rural life with a faithfulness and a brilliancy almost unrivalled. Neither the 'Natural History of Selborne' nor 'Walden' contains anything finer than detached portions of Jefferies's works. Mr. Besant instances an article which appeared in *Longmans' Magazine* in 1883, under the title of "The Pageant of Summer," as Jefferies's masterpiece. We are sorely tempted to quote from this really splendid paper, but space forbids. One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Besant's book is that chapter, on "The Story of My Heart," which, in the light it throws on Jefferies's religious views, is quite a study in psychology. Mr. Besant does well to add a list of Jefferies's works, with the name of the publisher of each—a task of no little difficulty, since Jefferies was continually changing his publishers.

At first, we were disposed to quarrel with the unusual title of this book; but, as we read on, we felt that Mr. Besant was justified in saying in his preface that "he called it so because he could find nothing but admiration, pure and simple, for that later work of his, on which will rest his fame and abiding memory."

Frederick, Crown Prince and Emperor. A Biographical Sketch, Dedicated to his Memory, by Rennell Rodd. With an Introduction by Her Majesty the Empress Frederick. Macmillan & Co. 1888. 12mo. pp. 197.

THIS brief and unpretending sketch, undertaken at the request of the Empress Frederick, and published for the benefit of the London Throat Hospital, is smoothly written, and is rendered attractive by open print, thick paper, and a good photographic portrait. Avoiding all reference to politics, and indeed to all important events except those in which the Emperor bore a direct personal part, it still contrives to give a distinct impression of the noble traits which secure to this Prince his unique position among the rulers of Prussia, and which, in combination with the far different qualities of his son and successor, render his untimely death a source of regret to the friends of rational and enlightened government.

Unlike his father, Frederick did not sink the civilian in the soldier, but, nevertheless, when called on to do his duty in time of war, he acquitted himself with such distinction that he gained the admiration of his countrymen and the respect of the foe; and he rendered valuable service in fostering attachment to the common fatherland among its antagonistic fragments. While his father and Bismarck saw in united Germany merely an added means of glorifying Prussia and aggrandizing the House of Hohenzollern, his aspiration was to found a real German Empire, the component parts of which were to be conciliated by having their rights, their susceptibilities, and even their prejudices respected, and were to be held firmly together, not by force, but by the conviction that by holding loyally together they were best subserving the interest of each separate section. He said that he never received a compliment that pleased him better than when a Bavarian trooper, to whom, after the battle of Wörth, he addressed a few friendly words, exclaimed: "If only we had had your Royal Highness to lead us in 1866, you would have seen how we would have thrashed those cursed Prussians!"

In the interest which he took in the fine arts, as well as in every movement to ameliorate the condition of the masses of the population, he emulated the example of his father-in-law; and in the simplicity and fidelity of his family life he presented to the world one of the not too frequent exceptions to what is customary among reigning sovereigns. Mr. Rodd quotes from a private letter of Sir Beauchamp Walker, who, as British Military Attaché, accompanied the Crown Prince's staff in 1866 and 1870, the following passages, which we believe have not before appeared in print:

"The great characteristic which distinguished him was his coolness in difficulty; whatever happened, he and Blumenthal kept their heads clear. His judgment was calm in action; his consideration was humane in success. . . . He was not only the most lovable, but the noblest man with whom I ever associated—noble in his acts, noble in his speech, noble in his judgment of others. I never knew him to say an unkind thing of any one, man or woman, living or dead—not that his judgment of others was always favorable, but that it was never expressed in other than the most kindly terms."

Daniel O'Connell. By J. A. Hamilton. [International Statesmen Series.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THIS is a useful little book. No real Life of O'Connell has yet been written, or probably can be written until the Home-Rule question—a fresh development of his Repeal agitation—has been settled. Mr. Fitzpatrick's volumes of O'Connell's Letters, which have only just appeared, are an advance towards such a memoir; meanwhile, Mr. Hamilton's *précis* is welcome, particularly refreshing after the wordiness and pomposity of the only other complete Life—Miss Cusack's. While he has not fully caught the spirit of the period in Ireland, or the necessities of her position, or the fact that O'Connell and his associates, with all their faults and failings, were the necessary outcome of the time, he has given us a well-digested memoir. It is, perhaps, truer and fairer than if it were from the pen of an unqualified admirer. The stronger and coarser traits of O'Connell's character, are, as they should be, brought to the reader's notice, while full justice is done to his great abilities and noble

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strivings for his country and the whole world. It is profoundly sad. Surely such continued apparent waste of life and energy as is here depicted, and which has been going on in scores of lives working with the same intent ever since 1800, cannot go on for ever. It is interesting to note that the number of Irish voters (now 740,000) were reduced from 300,000 to but 26,000 at the time of Catholic emancipation.

Errors are inevitable in such a book, drawn from so many sources and so condensed; slips such as "Armagh," at page 95, for, we presume, "Athlone," should be seen to in the next issue; and it would relieve the feelings of some readers if "huge" were not so often used.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey, E. A., and Parsons, A. Old Songs, with Drawings. Harper & Bros.
Allen, G. This Mortal Coil. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Amery, C. F. Charley's Wonderful Journeys. Illustrated. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. $1.50.
Beach, C. F., jr. A Manual of the Law of Wills, as Determined in the Leading Courts of England and the United States. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co. $3.
Bierbaum, Prof. F. J. History of the English Language and Literature from the Earliest Times until the Present Day. B. Westermann & Co.
Blanden, C. G. Tancred's Daughters, and Other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.
Brine, Mary D. A Dozen and One. Cassell & Co. $1.50.
Brookes, E. S. The Story of the American Sailor. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $2.50.
Carrington, P. B. Patriotic Reader; or, Human Liberty Developed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.20.
Chambers-Ketchum, Annie. Christmas Carillons, and Other Poems. D. Appleton & Co.
Clark, A. Register of the University of Oxford. Vol. II., Part 3. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Codman, J. Winter Sketches from the Saddle. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.
Colmore, G. Concerning Oliver Knox. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Compayré, G. Lectures on Pedagogy, Theoretical and Practical. Translated by W. H. Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Cornoz, Susanne. Our Children and their Friends. Illustrated. Cassell & Co. $1.25.
Delia Bacon. A Biographical Sketch. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Doniol, H. Histoire de la participation de la France à l'établissement des Etats-Unis d'Amérique: Correspondance diplomatique et Documents. Vol. III., Parts 1, 2. Paris: Alphonse Picard.
Duff, Mary Graham. Some Noted Sculptors and their Homes. 2 Vols. Boston: Soule Photograph Co.
Fawcett, E. The Confessions of Claude. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
Field, H. M. Gibraltar. Illustrated. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.
Gear, L. H. A Treatise on the Law of Landlord and Tenant. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co. $3.
Goodyear, W. H. A History of Art. A. S. Barnes & Co. $3.50.
Grossman, Rabbi L. Some Chapters on Judaism and the Science of Religion. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Haggard, H. R. My Fellow-Laborer. George Munro.
Harlow, Louis K. The Home of Shakespeare. After Water-Color Sketches. Boston: L. Prang & Co. $3.
Hereford, Elizabeth J. Rebel Rhymes, and Other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.
House, E. H. Yone Santo, a Child of Japan. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Hubbell, W. The Curse of Marriage. American News Co. 50 cents.
Jessop, Rev. Dr. A. The Coming of the Friars, and Other Historic Essays. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
King, R. Ohio: First Fruits of the Ordinance of 1787. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Longfellow, H. W. The Village Blacksmith. Illustrated. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Mayeux, H. A Manual of Decorative Composition. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.
McHatton-Ripley, Eliza. From Flag to Flag: A Woman's Adventures in the South during the War, in Mexico, and Cuba. D. Appleton & Co.
Molesworth, Mrs. A Christmas Posy. Illustrations by Walter Crane. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Montrosier, E. Salon de 1888. Cent planches en photogravure and quatre frontispièces gravés à l'eauforte. J. W. Bouton. $20.
Morris, Anne Cary. The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris. 2 vols. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.
Mother Goose. Cassell & Co. $2.50.
Nason, Emma H. White Sails. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Old Friends with New Faces. Mother Goose. Illustrated by Will Gibbons. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Pratt, C. S. Baby's Lullaby Book. Water-colors by W. L. Taylor. Music by G. W. Chadwick. Boston: L. Prang & Co. $7.50.
Riddle, A. G. The Tory's Daughter: A Romance of the Northwest, 1812—1813. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Rogers, J. E. T. The Story of Holland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Scribner's Magazine. Vol. III. January—June. Vol. IV. June—December. 1888. Scribner & Sons.
Seawell, M. E. The Berkeleys and their Neighbors. American News Co.
Shorthouse, J. H. The Countess Eve: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Social Register, New York, 1889, November, 1888. Social Register Association. $2.50.
Table of Cases and Index to the Notes in the 160 vols. of American Decisions and American Reports. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co.
Thayer, W. R. Hesper: An American Drama. Cambridge: Charles W. Sever.
Tristram, W. O. Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. With Illustrations by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson. Macmillan & Co. $6.
Wallace, Susan E. The Repose in Egypt: A Medley. Illustrated. J. B. Alden. $1.
Wilkinson, W. C. Preparatory Greek Course in English. Revised ed. Chautauqua Press.
Williams, F. W. The Life and Letters of Samuel Wells Williams, Missionary, Diplomatist, Sinologue. By his Son. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Wilson—Fiske. Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography. Vols. I.—V. Aar—Sum. D. Appleton & Co.
Woods, Margaret L. A Village Tragedy. Henry Holt & Co.
Woolley, Celia Parker. Rachel Armstrong; or, Love and Theology. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
Worcester, J. Correspondences of the Bible. Part II. The Plants, the Minerals, and the Atmospheres. Boston: Massachusetts New Church Union.
Wright, Henrietta Christian. Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Wright, J. The Phædrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Wrigley, E. How to Manage Building Associations. 3d ed. Philadelphia: James K. Simon.
Yeats, W. B. Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry. London: Walter Scott; New York: Thomas Whittaker.

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